The Wellesley Magazine.

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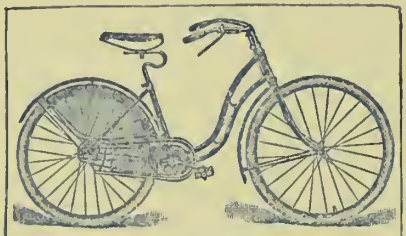

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THE SIX SCHOLAR POETS.

TAKING a little liberty with Mr. Simond's phrase, I wish, under the title of "The Six Scholar Poets," to speak of John Lyly, Robert Greene, George Peele, Thomas Lodge, Thomas Nash and Christopher Marlowe. Whoever is interested in the English drama turns back with special regard to these heralds of the daybreak, Shakespeare's immediate predecessors. The history of literature presents men-of-letters largely in groups. The age is ripe and the giants appear, gathering about them the talent that has been mysteriously waiting. These circles are of special interest, because the men who form them are united by personal friendship or mutual endeavor and reflect and interpret their times from various points of view. The study of such a circle vividly emphasizes the features of the age, while bringing out

the characteristics of the individual author. The new life that surged through England during the sixteenth century has the charm of pageant and romance and a deeper significance in the awakening of a great people to passion and thought. The literary movement that swept with overpowering strength through the latter half of Elizabeth's reign was announced by these six scholar poets.

The new learning was at length ready to unite with passionate action and produce the English drama. The men who were the first to attempt joining these elements were trained in the universities and in London. Oxford claims John Lyly, George Peele and Thomas Lodge; Cambridge, Robert Greene, Thomas Nash and Christopher Marlowe. The poets of the Oxford group were college contemporaries. Of the Cambridge scholars, we may conjecture that a college acquaintance existed between Greene and Nash, for, when the latter went to London, he began at once to work with Greene. Marlowe took his Bachelor's degree in the same year that Greene took his degree of Master of Arts; but we do not know whether or not they met at that time. In the London life, into which all six of these men were plunged between 1579 and 1587, they were early thrown together, and in a sixteenth century Grub street fought for and against each other. The six, however, do not stand on precisely the same plane either in characteristics or in mode of life. Lyly stands apart in being attached to the court and in his entire separation from the Bohemian and dissolute life led by the others. Marlowe is made distinct by his genius and the power of his character. Lodge held himself aloof from the mad excesses of his associates, but is closely allied to Greene, Nash and Peele in general manner of life and work. The nearest friendship appears to have been between Greene and Nash. It is my purpose to differentiate the personality and achievement of these six poets.

In 1579, John Lyly, at about the age of twenty-five, issued his "Euphues." This "combination of cadenced sentences," classical allusions and commonplace reflections, is hung together by a slender narrative concerning the travels of an Athenian youth. It seems poor stuff to occupy the place of the modern novel; it was, notwithstanding, the fashionable light reading of its day, and we may imagine many fair dames in stately ruff and silk from over the seas conning these wise sayings. The popularity of the new book

spread rapidly, and its affectations of style and thought appeared far and wide in the literature of the time.

Notwithstanding this brilliant opening of his career, Lyly's life knew many disappointments. A fellowship was denied him at *Magdalen*. Lord Burleigh withdrew his favor. Lyly entered the Martin Mar-prelate controversy, probably seeking revenge for some injury wrought him by a former friend. He devoted himself to writing plays to be acted by the court children, and dreamed of being Master of Revels; but fortune in the form of Queen Elizabeth did not smile, and he was forced at length to leave the court, reaping nothing but bitterness. Personal losses added to his grief. He died when but little past middle life.

Though Lyly did not outwardly succeed, his real achievement was much. He had extensive fame during his lifetime as the author of "Euphues," and as a dramatist. His place in our early drama is important. His adoption of prose in play-writing, Gascoigne's innovation, was an important influence in freeing dramatic form. He introduced the rapid, sparkling dialogue, although in an affected style, which Shakespeare was to perfect in his comedies. The telling use of the lyric in the drama was discovered by Lyly; and to him belong, in the construction of the drama, the uniting of the serious and poetic with the humorous, the aiding of the complication through the ambiguity of the sexes, and the pleasing suggestion of dramatic dreaming. It is safe to say that, excepting Marlowe, Shakespeare owes more to Lyly than to any other of his predecessors.

When "Euphues," was still in its early popularity, Robert Greene appeared in London, and soon became a leader among literary men. His prose works exceed in number his poetical productions, but his plays and lyrics determine his place in our literature. His novelette, "Pandosto," abounding in pleasing incident, as the original of the "Winter's Tale," must always have a special interest to Shakespearian students. The various pamphlets Greene issued, such as, "Never too Late," "A Groatsworth of Wit, Bought with a Million of Repentance," and descriptions of low life in London, have chiefly an autobiographical interest.

The sad facts in Greene's life are well known. They tell over the old story of brilliant ability, personal attractions, and delicate poetic temperament, fallen a prey to utter weakness of character. We can imagine Greene

with his "amiable face" and fine bearing, a proud and dashing student at Cambridge. Travel on the Continent opened for him a world of new sensations. He slipped into it naturally; and once in the whirlpool, he is drawn from the outer circle of pleasure into the vortex of vice. But Greene always realized that sin was an evil from which he ought to escape. He went back to England, probably entered the church, married, and published some of his productions. The delight of home life held him for a time; then came the restlessness, the longing for excitement, the impatience at restraint, and Greene was off for London, his wife and little one deserted. In his way he repented several times, — a powerful sermon or a day's illness is productive in that direction. Probably he always intended to settle down some time and be respectable; but meanwhile he drifted, or, rather, whirled—the most reckless life of a reckless age. While there must have been something fascinating in Greene's personality, he was capable of limitless meanness and vice. If people cared for him, their regard was not lasting, and the love he received was mingled with pity and contempt. He was a man of utter emotional weakness, the one hopeless character, if there is any, on God's earth. His miserable death in the shoemaker's hut, from disease brought on by over-eating, is perhaps the fitting close to his life. But "Why should art bear the infirmities of manners?" Nash said of Greene; and the old shoemaker's wife crowned the dead poet with the bays. His name still lives among us and we can honor his work.

None of Greene's early plays in rhyme have come down to us; but we have five in blank verse and one more on which Greene and Lodge worked together. The plays by which we most remember Greene are, "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," the "Scottish History of James IV.," and "George-a-Green." The plot-construction in all the plays fails. Greene did not understand dramatic development; but he tells a story well and can handle a dramatic scene. His dramas are essentially of a narrative character. There is in general simplicity of detail and always vivid interest throughout his plays. His happy use of incident is his best contribution to the development of the drama. In characterization he gives outlines which he fails to fill in. His characters want strength, are likely to fail at the crisis. He succeeds better in portraying women than men. There is a charming grace and refinement in all his women. They are pure and faithful, extremely gentle

and forgiving. He evidently prefers the Griselda type. Greene's songs are his best work. He always will be known as the author of

" O, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king."

And of that song of tender pathos with the refrain :

" Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee."

Harvey's dastardly attack on Greene's character after his death was answered by Thomas Nash. He was some fifteen years younger than Greene, but they worked together. Nash, the "young Juvenal," deserved his name. His best power lay in satire. He entered the Mar-prelate controversy with the utmost spirit, his quarrel with Harvey over Greene's memory was intensely bitter, and in his "Address" introducing Greene's "Menaphon," he sharply attacks "the swelling bombast of a tragging blank verse" and heaps his scorn on poor translators. In satire his special vein was broad caricature and stinging epigram. He did little in poetry. A small part in Marlowe's "Queen Dido" is assigned him, and he wrote two other plays, "The Isle of Dogs," which was suppressed and occasioned his imprisonment for a short time, and "Summer's Last Will and Testament," rather a pageant or mask than a drama. Ingenuity of dialogue and command of language constitute his best merit. There are some suggestions of humor and touches of beauty in his plays. We find poetry of no mean order in the songs. The litany for Summer's death is full of mysterious sadness and deep feeling, and the well-known Spring song abounds in the restless life and sparkling joy of the May morning: —

" Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

" The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

" The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet;
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit;
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
Spring! the sweet Spring!

Nash was descended from an honorable Herefordshire family. His university life was followed by travel. Writing under Greene's influence, he entered the wild London life. He died before his prime, it is believed by disease from dissipation. We feel that Nash was a stronger character than Greene. Certainly he was an ardent friend and an ardent enemy; he had a keen idea of justice, and was not a prey to simple emotion, as was his friend.

George Peele might have been a fair rival for Greene, if they had not been boon companions. Perhaps their ability was too nearly on a par to produce bitterness of feeling between them. Peele was of good parentage and finely educated. He spent some nine years at Oxford, married well, perhaps went on the stage, and then settled to a literary life. He wrote dramas, pamphlets and poems for occasions. Disgraceful disease cut him short in middle life. We know less of his character than we do of Greene's. He seems to have been fond of loose living and jovial companions.

Peele's work is naturally compared with that of Greene, as it is in the same vein and along the same lines. He was like Greene in being weak in plot construction and in character delineation. He has less simplicity in details and his story may become greatly involved, as in "The Old Wives' Tale." His separate situations are less original than Greene's, and less dramatic. In the tone of his dramas the sentimental element is less prominent than in the work of his rival. He surpasses Greene in delicacy and variety of fancy, and in melodious expression.

"The Arraignment of Paris" is the most distinctive and most charming of his plays. Mr. Bullen admirably describes it as "a choice piece of work, quaint and fanciful as some old, curiously knotted garden, pranked in all its summer bravery." And this description applies in general to Peele's drama. The quaintnesses of euphuism mark his style; he abounds in fancies, uses mythology with special grace, and has a true feeling for nature, while over all he casts the spell of melody. As an illustration of the delicate, dreamy music found in Peele's lyrics, take the little song in "The Old Wives' Tale":

> "Gently dip, but not too deep,
> For fear you make the golden beard to weep;
> Fair maiden, white and red,
> Stroke me smooth, and comb my head."

Thomas Lodge is the only one of the scholar poets who lived to grow old.

He had the honor of dying respectably of the plague in 1625. The life of Lodge is full of variety. It abounds in incident and tells a more interesting story than any he put in print. His father was a lord mayor of London. Lodge himself was in turn a lawyer, an author, a soldier, an adventurer and a physician. He appears to have been one of those restless natures, having ability for many things, but unable to settle down to any one thing. In him are combined the bold spirit of adventure with the grave practice of medicine, the keen wit of the satirist with the dreams and music of the poet.

As an author he tried countless forms and subjects. His plays are poor in plot, and, although he distinguishes his characters, he does not make them interesting. Lodge's best power is seen in his lyrics and in his delightful story "Rosalynde." This tale is a day-dream, dreamed at sea. It rises and falls lingeringly; it has forgotten the real world behind and sees none in the future, life is all to-day; golden sunshine, light breezes, and pearl-white floating clouds — these alone are real. This "Golden Legend," when touched by Shakespeare's genius, becomes that perfect comedy, "As You Like It"; but apart from this we can love the old novel. And one of the greatest charms in the "Rosalynde" is the lyric element. Lodge is the clearest, sweetest singer of our group. Witchery and melancholy, spring-time yearning and playful sarcasm, dreamlike beauty and tender feeling flow in his melody. Through his verse he whispers "Love is life and life is a song."

But head and shoulders above the other scholar poets stands Marlowe. His London life was short, crowded into six brief years; but he impressed himself on all the poetry of his time, and won a place that gives him our honor and love to-day.

Canterbury is hallowed by many an association and recollection; and not least in the minds of many of us, as we stand in the old cathedral town, will be the memory of Kit Marlowe, who was born and passed his boyhood here. We would like to find more trace of that shoemaker, "Clerke of St. Manis," whose son grew great in London. The Church of St. George the Martyr means more when we whisper, "Marlowe was christened here." We remember Sir Roger Manwood, and try to imagine him thinking, in lordly fashion, that it will be worth while to send a certain King's School boy up to Cambridge.

Marlowe went from the University to London in 1587, "a boy in years, a man in genius, a god in ambition," Mr. Swinburne says. He was on his way to publish "Tamburlaine," and following that quickly came "Doctor Faustus," "The Jew of Malta," and "Edward II." We have two other plays from his pen, "The Massacre of Paris," apparently a fragment, and "The Tragedy of Dido," more lyric than dramatic. He has left us two beautiful lyrics. One of them, "Come live with me and be my love," is perhaps the best known song in our language. We may heap up adjectives to describe it, but must end by simply saying it is perfect. Marlowe left an unfinished poem, "Hero and Leander." It strongly suggests Keat's work. The two poets are alike in luxuriance of color and metaphor and in ecstasy of passion. This poem, if we can trust the records, was cut short by a tragedy unsurpassed in fiction. It happened on a summer night, the first of June, how we can only conjecture; people call it a tavern brawl, wine had perhaps fired their blood; there was a flash of steel and Christopher Marlowe lay dying. With his last breath he entrusted his "Hero and Leander" to Chapman. As for the rest —

> "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
> And burned is Apollo's laurel-bough."

The character of Christopher Marlowe must be interpreted from comparatively few records, hardly enough to justify conclusions; yet most of us feel that we know him well. The reason for this lies, probably, in the subjective, personal note characterizing his work. In Marlowe's great creations we see the author himself reflected. The reckless daring and unbounded ambition of Tamburlaine belong to Marlowe; he knew the fierceness of purpose and the scornful defiance of the Jew of Malta; and the craving, the passion, the struggle and despair of Faustus express, alas! too much of the poet's experience. Marlowe knew the reckless London life that Greene followed, but there was a vast difference between the men. Marlowe would know sin for the sake of knowledge and experience, not from weakness and low desires. He was essentially an idealist; his ideal was gigantic and sublime. He could keep it pure, and therefore preserve his integrity, like Wilhelm Meister, in the very heart of sinning.

Marlowe has been called an atheist; he himself boldly announced his skepticism. Though he might scoff at the "vain trifles of men's souls" and

call the beliefs of the Hereafter "mere old wives' tales," he did believe in a God and the power of the Unseen haunted him. We may account for his attitude by his contempt for the intolerance and shams of the church, by a spirit of bravado that often weakens strong natures, and by an inherent hatred and disregard of all control, a characteristic most strikingly his. Faustus says of himself, "The god thou serv'st is thy own appetites." This is partly true of Marlowe, he was under the dominion of passionate desires; but in the midst of his reckless daring there was enthusiasm, passionate intensity and an unbounded aspiration, a stirring for the Infinite and the Eternal.

Marlowe's plays, strictly speaking, are more epic than dramatic. The interest is monopolized by one gigantic character. We do not find the interaction of characters and events and the movement and harmony of a true plot. This is entirely true of the first three plays; in "Edward II." the plot structure is more careful and characters and events are more nearly harmonized. All Marlowe's work is characterized by vastness of outline and passionate execution; affectation and pettiness flee before him. The vividness and strength of his expression was just what the literature of his time needed. It cleared the atmosphere for the vital work which was to follow. His use of the blank verse was perhaps his greatest gift to our literature. In spite of its "swelling bombast," blank verse heralded the English drama as a leader among the nations. The swing of Marlowe's "mighty line" excites us to-day. It fascinates us like the sweep of a military march, or like waves rolling in along the sand.

Marlowe's greatest play is "Dr. Faustus." In this he anticipates, amidst the dazzling objectivity of the Elizabethan Age, a note of our own century; here he depicts the drama of the soul, the struggle in the heart of man between good and evil. The conception of a human being yielding his soul to the Evil Spirit for the sake of enjoying for a season unlimited wisdom and pleasure, has been a favorite theme down the centuries. The legend takes tangible form in Asia Minor in the early age of Christianity; Hrotswitha, the nun of Gandersheim, used it for a Latin drama in the tenth century. Three hundred years later it was a favorite subject in France; again the story of Dr. Faustus was one of the popular legends of Elizabeth's time, and Goethe's "Faust" has filled the old tale with new beauty and significance for us to-day.

Marlowe's drama falls below that of the great German poet in dramatic movement and climax and in certain subtilities of thought and romantic beauty in execution; but as a tremendous conception of a powerful character, a fierce temptation, and an awful ruin, "Dr. Faustus" stands on a par with Goethe's mighty work. The fine scenes at the beginning and the fearful scene at the end in Marlowe's drama make a never-to-be-forgotten impression. The spell of that inevitable final scene is over the whole — Faustus and the Evil One are companions never to be separated, and the twenty-four years must end. The theme of the drama is passion for power, the power that comes through knowledge; it is the restless yearning of the human soul to surpass all limits and be

> "on earth as Jove is in the sky,
> Lord and commander."

Marlowe vividly portrays the dissatisfaction with human attainment, the boundless aspiration and the reckless daring that led Faustus to make his fearful bargain. The poet fails in trying to depict what Faustus did with the supernatural power given him; it is impossible to conceive the object of our infinite longing. But Marlowe is strong again when he shows the growing terror of Faustus as the time draws near for yielding up his soul, his vain struggles toward repentance, when he cries,

> "Ah, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears,"

and the awful agony of the final moments, when he enters with the "souls which sin seals the black sons of hell," down "into that vast, perpetual torture-house," whose sting is the lost joys of heaven.

These brief remarks on one of Marlowe's plays I hope have suggested something of the poet's power, and they may be further justified by the color of a special interest which they may have lent this bare outline of six poets' work. This paper can claim merely to point out the way. If there is any one who wishes to seek and find for herself, the old writers are waiting for her on their shelves and the reward is sure.

The study of this group of playwrights marks at once many traits of their times. The want of law and order, the enthusiasm for all varieties of experience and knowledge, the delicate play of fancy, the love of high color, the exquisite, ever-present lyric quality — all these characteristics found in the

six scholar poets are the direct reflection of their age. For the distinguishing features of each man, turn back to the face of each for a final look.

There is the little man, Lyly; conciliation in his bearing, irony in his face. He loves his light fancies acted out by the children of St. Paul's; he smiles when he thinks of the repartee of his dainty little puppets, and nods approvingly over his wise thoughts in their balanced sentences. Poor man! he sighs, too; the bitterness of a disappointed life is his. He has no part in the gay tavern scene with the others.

There Greene sits at the head of the board, his long hair jokingly crowned with a green bay wreath. He is a pleasing scholar, who tells his story well, laughs often and quotes Friar Bacon, then sheds a tear as he sings a plaintive song. Young Marlowe stands at the right of this Master of Revels,— Kit Marlowe, but lately come to town. With head thrown back and eyes on fire, he makes his toast to the earth spirits, the powers that move the world. He is Tamburlaine ready for battle; he is the shepherd who loves and sings; he is Faustus seeking the Infinite. There is a young man opposite who will soon break out in fierce praise for his friends and hot, stinging scorn for the rest of the world. Life to Nash is a satirical show with a dash of pathos. Lodge, who sits by him, forgets to satirize, and catches in Marlowe's words a glimpse of the shepherdess — in the dream world he will sing to her. A look of tenderness has come into the face of George Peele, and he smiles as some fancy crosses his mind. There is courtliness in his bearing as he rises to answer the toast. The earth spirits obey the sun and the moon, — young Apollo will conquer if Cynthia smiles.

Ah, the group is interesting, for many reasons. This is a life picture — genius, hope, aspiration on a sordid background. These are men who are to make many attempts and fail often in order that a greater genius may conquer. Through some of them we are to find new paths in fancies' land, through one we are to sound new depths in human experience, and all of them will sing us strains of an exquisite melody.

KATE MORGAN WARD.

LALIA.

My Lalia breathes love on the roses,
But I,—though a rose is a queen,—
I have whispered to her that the rarest of buds
By her rose-lips would wither unseen.

In the depths of the violet meadows
Kneels Lalia, a votaress fair,
And the truth in her heart holds the blue in her eyes
Fadeless, resistless and rare.

My Lalia prays over the lilies,
But I—though the lilies' true knight—
I have said to my love that I find her pure soul
Than the exquisite lilies more white.

FLORENCE ANNETTE WING, '92.

JOHN STUART MILL: A SKETCH.

FOR an ordinary mind to attempt the criticism of a great intellect is mere arrogance and presumption. With nobility of character, the case is somewhat different. There is a simple, human element in the loftiest morality that appeals to all natures, no matter how inferior. For this reason, while making no reference to the intellectual power of John Stuart Mill, I undertake, diffidently and yet eagerly, the following sketch of a character which in moral grandeur and beauty towered far above that of any other man of the age.

Back very near the beginning of the century, a son was born in London to a poor young scholar, James Mill. This young man, without means, without position, his prospects ruined when a few years before he had turned from the Church, for which his education fitted him, and had become a free-thinker, bitterly at odds with society, yet dependent for his bread on the favor accorded his writings, impatient, self-opinionated, outspoken — surely it was no bright outlook that he had to offer to his son on that May day. But for wealth, the elder Mill, even then, cared little; he had another purpose for his boy. It was now possible that he himself could never accomplish a great work. It was late to begin, he was already burdened, years had been wasted in erroneous study. But with his son, it should be differ-

ent; there should be no mistakes and no wasted time. Impatiently, eagerly, the father watched the first rays of intelligence dawn in the baby face; anxiously he waited for the little tongue to lisp its first words. Then at last his time had come. There were no days of baby frolic for John Stuart Mill; no happy, playful, unburdened baby years. At three, he read English and was learning Greek vocabularies written out for him; at eight, Greek was already a familiar language, and English history a recreation. Latin and mathematics had lately been added to his work. There were no play-days in these pitiful child years, and no playthings. The little boy never murmured. He did not know that other boys lived merry lives. He was not allowed boy companions, and he was given no chance to learn active, muscle-strengthening games. He plodded patiently on; patiently and very meekly he bore the peevish severity of his father at childish mistakes. He received no word of praise, no sign of tenderness. With unfaltering care, James Mill guarded his son from the great mistake of his own life. The boy should know from the first the cruelty and immorality of the Christian belief. Religious dogmas were not kept from him, but he was taught to see them as his father saw them. It should seem no stranger to him to disbelieve the faith of England than the faith of ancient Greece. Such was the boyhood of John Stuart Mill, of whom Professor Bain says: "He was, I think, born for a happy life if he had got only tolerably fair play."

And all this time, the little heart, so steadily repressed, was aglow with longing for love and affection — for companionship. Passionate warmth of sympathy, almost sentimental devotion to duty, poetic love of the good and beautiful, capability of entire self-renunciation — it is a sad thing and a dangerous thing when these qualities are thrown back upon themselves. When Mill was fifteen, there first dawned upon his mind the great idea that was to take possession of his life, "that he came into the world, not to serve himself, but to serve his race," his apostleship of human freedom and progress. For five years he threw himself with enthusiastic energy into dreams and plans for the betterment of the world. For the first time, he had an object in life. But the religion of humanity never yet satisfied any human soul. The heart was not made to subsist upon its own abstract, unreciprocated love, certainly not a heart like Mill's. He awoke at last from the happy five years' dream. He was only twenty. It is the time when men

are vigorous and free and full of hope. But he turned aside in bitter, dull despair. The long sad years of lonely, unremitting toil had done their work. He was very tired. He told himself now that if all the social improvements for which he had wished were to be immediately accomplished, it would give him no pleasure. A terrible fear took possession of him. He believed that his emotional nature was dead — stifled. That being so, life became intolerable. But there was another source of misery, greater still. He said to himself that if the thought of the welfare of humanity as attained and not simply striven after, seemed tame and valueless to him, so it would seem to mankind in the end. There was, then, no happy future for the human race, nothing better than the miserable struggle of the present. He came to doubt the existence of sympathy, not only in his own breast, but even in the world. The story is familiar — he made up his mind that he could not endure such agony much longer. Looking back upon the period in later years, he himself saw clearly enough what had been the trouble. "If I had loved any one sufficiently to make confiding my griefs a necessity, I should not have been in the condition I was. . . . Advice, if I had known where to seek it, would have been most precious. . . . But there was no one on whom I could build the faintest hope of such assistance."

One day, he read a simple little tale of homely kindness. In his sensitive state it touched him, and he burst into a passion of tears. From that time, the crisis was over. Emotion was still a force in the world, and life had yet possibilities. Music and poetry side by side with renewed efforts in the cause of humanity brought him some solace. Henceforth he was brave and determined, but not again happy. So ended Mill's youth. Little enough of brightness or joy had come with those twenty-one years. And yet he had been "born for a happy life if he had got only tolerably fair play."

From what has already been said, some idea may be formed of Mill's conditions of soul when he first came under the powerful influence that was to make and to mar his future — to mar it by casting the one stain upon the otherwise spotless reputation of a lifetime; to make it by bringing the first genuine love and happiness into the most desolate life ever lived. Mill's acquaintance with Mrs. Taylor began when he was twenty-five, through twenty years the friendship grew stronger, and two years after the death of her husband they were married. During these twenty years, the attachment

whose strength neither realized had become more and more evident to every one. Remarks were made which, implying some disrespect to Mrs. Taylor, Mill resented with stern indignation. Finally, his father said plainly, "You are in love with another man's wife." He repudiated the charge firmly. He had no other feeling toward her, he maintained, than he should have toward an equally able man. Undoubtedly, he believed what he said. That his love was unconscious as it was pure and lofty, every one admits. Nevertheless, its existence was clear to his own relatives, to most of his friends, and above all, to Mr. Taylor. Mrs. Taylor, living the half-secluded life of an invalid, eager for intellectual sympathy, is, perhaps, excusable for her blindness. There is little such excuse for Mill. With a hasty and intolerant impatience, foreign to his character at other times, he broke with his own mother and sisters; he treated with questionable kindness his younger brother George; he turned his back squarely on many of his friends. These are the facts. I have attempted no palliation. It is the one fault in Mill's conduct that I have been able to discover. It is a great fault, and one the only excuse for which, if even that be an excuse, I hope to have made plain before this sketch is done.

There now remains to us the task of trying to form some conception of those qualities of heart that so charmed the world in which Mill moved. The great central passion of his life was love of mankind, eagerness for the improvement of society. His belief in the possibilities of the human soul was infinite, and his courage and energy in this cause were inexhaustible. No fatigue was too great and no opprobrium too bitter. Throughout all his life, in his speeches and his books, above all in his actions, appears the same warm universal sympathy for the weak against the strong, the same inflexible sense of justice, the same supreme moral courage. The murdered negroes of Jamaica, the persecuted peasants of Ireland, the white slaves of London, and the sex which has been arbitrarily declared inferior, none of these were forgotten by Mill. Justin McCarthy says, "Something, too, of human interest and feeling became infused into the most seemingly arid discussions of political economy by virtue of his emotional and half-poetic nature. It was well said of him that he reconciled political economy with human feeling." His warmth of sympathy was rivaled only by his coolness of judgment and his dispassionate fairness toward opponents. Without personal vanity him-

self, he never despised any individual or any honest opinions. However obscure or faulty the argument, Mill carefully sought out the underlying truth, and wherever he felt himself worsted in discussion, he admitted it with the utmost frankness. Professor Bain tells us that he was "absolutely without any rivalry or jealousy of other men's success." Personal affronts he never heeded, but he was quick to resent arrogance or unkindness toward others, and relentless in his anger. He, further, managed to combine with devotion to the cause of humanity as a whole a general kindliness and specific generosity toward people in the concrete; which is not always a characteristic of the most ardent servants of humanity.

Mill never cared for a large circle of intimate friends, but for those friends whom he chose he showed a deep affection. To be his friend was considered a privilege, and the men and women who stood nearest him are the ones whose praises of him rise into the most exalted panegyric. It is at least noteworthy when a man's intimate friends see no fault in him. In his father's house Mill, before the breach, had been a great comfort and joy to his mother and sisters, and he always continued to fulfil the duties of eldest son in caring for their welfare.

There is a sacredness about his married life that one hesitates to approach. It forms the most idyllic passage in English biography. Perfectly suited to one another, these two souls blended completely into one. Mill's devotion to his wife was absolute. Her beauty, her intellect, her heart were to him the standard of perfection, his highest ideal. In entire self-forgetfulness, he tells us that all that was best in him and in his work was inspired by her. From her he had received infinitely more than he could hope to give. Writing in "The Subjectives of Woman" of the possibilities of marriage when between two sympathetic natures, he says that to those who can conceive of its happiness no word of his is necessary, to those who cannot, anything he might say would seem but the dream of an enthusiast. Every one knows that he was thinking of his own married life.

Over one side of his character considerable discussion has arisen. Had he a religious nature? If a religious nature involve acceptance of the first articles of the Creed, the answer is certain, he had not. His father had trained him as an agnostic and thus, so far as we have any evidence, he died. There seems to be not the slightest justification for the claim

advanced by believing and unbelieving friends that in the "Three Essays on Religion" Mill shows a change of front. In this volume he does, indeed, accomplish the difficult feat of carrying on a religious discussion without any show of prejudice; and further, he, of necessity, being the man that he was, displays throughout toward the Founder of Christianity a feeling of profound reverence and gratitude,culminating at the close in that impassioned eulogy which has become a classic in our religious literature. This passage, however, indicates no more than that he had grasped as fully as is possible, from the purely mundane standpoint, the true strength of the Christian Church; something, it must be admitted, which cannot be said of all of the Church's most devoted adherents. On the other hand, it is plain from any careful reading of the book, that Mill did not even discuss, much less concede, the essential principle of Christian theism.

In 1858, the seven years and a half of Mill's married life came to a sorrowful end. Mrs. Mill had never been strong, and she now died quite suddenly of pulmonary congestion. Mill's despondency, says one of his friends, was frightful. Indeed, he had lost irretrievably the one great support of his life. "I can say nothing which could describe, even in the faintest manner, what that loss was and is." Mill's eulogies upon his wife's character had always created surprise among his friends. They said that she was rather a brilliant and charming woman, but not at all what Mill thought her; that it was incomprehensible that a man of such clear and dispassionate judgment in everything else should fall here into such depths of pure infatuation, and that any less a reputation for intellectual strength could not survive such a display. In pathetic contrast to the cold insensibility of the criticism, come Mill's own words: "I endeavor to make the best of what life I have left, and to work on for her purposes with such diminished strength as can be derived from thoughts of her and communion with her memory. . . . My objects in life are solely those which were hers; my pursuits and occupations those in which she shared or sympathized and which are indissolubly associated with her. Her memory is to me a religion, and her approbation the standard by which, summing up as it does all worthiness, I endeavor to regulate my life."

Yes, her memory, the thought of her, was to him a religion. Among all the truths that he uttered, Mill never spoke a sounder truth than that.

Profound religious feeling, denied its natural vent, must have forced some such issue as this. Had Mill never met Mrs. Taylor, and had he continued, nevertheless, under the theological influence of his father, one hesitates to say what the result might have been. Here, then, was a man who had visited the weak and forsaken in their afflictions, and had kept himself unspotted from the world; who had loved his highest living ideal of virtues with his heart and soul and mind and strength, and his neighbor as himself. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" One great element of human nature was without doubt lacking in him. It was this lack that had cast the blight over his boyhood and youth, that had brought the first deep sorrow into his life, that had led to his one great sin, and it was this that left him in his last years lonely and uncomforted. But the element that he lacked was not the greatest, for the greatest is love.

Brushing aside in imagination the twenty years that have elapsed, standing by that new-made grave in Avignon, remembering what manner of man it had been whose earthly form was there laid away, we feel hope spring into certainty,

> "The Lord he blindly served will ope his eyes,
> Henceforth he shall see clear in Paradise."

[The preceding sketch of John Stuart Mill is offered, not because it can claim originality in material or treatment, but as one more reverent and grateful tribute from the sex whose strongest defender, whose most courageous and untiring advocate he was.]

Annie B. Tomlinson, '93.

TO MT. MONADNOCK AT SUNRISE.

Gray on thy crest the soft cloud curtains lie,
  Still guardians of thy morning slumbering.
Slow o'er thy head the star host marches by
  In state, and far beyond man's numbering.
The flocks repose upon thy quiet breast;
  All motionless they wait the coming day.
Thy sombre rocks in shrouds of fog are drest
  As penitents who early rise and pray.
And now upon thy shadowy, wooded side,
  Amid the forests with their darkly dight,
Funeral plumes, the king of shades doth hide,
  And sighs and moans the dying of the night.
But see! the stars in heaven grow more pale.
  Awake! and bid thy coming sovereign hail.

E. K., '96.

LA MARTYRE CHRÈTIENNE.

FROM a child I have loved the picture, "La Martyre Chrétienne. It has grown to seem more a real scene than a picture. One can just trace the outline of dark cliffs against the sky. The crescent moon is low. A river washes the foot of the cliffs, and with the stream floats a woman's figure. All the light in the picture comes from the halo about her head. It shines on the pure, girlish face; less brightly on the waving hair that floats and mingles with the water. The soft radiance falls on the bound hands and flowing robe, but save for a faint gleam on the water, leaves the rest in darkness.

I have looked at the picture and wondered over its meaning until the life story of the young girl has grown familiar.

In a cottage on the hillside she had lived her few glad years. The mother had died leaving her little more than a child, and Ursula had been the housewife ever since. Always a happy child, she had found her playmates in the birds and flowers; never lonely, though all day her father was away at work.

Even as a child she had been thoughtful and, as she grew to girlhood and

lived so much with Mother Nature, vague longings for something deeper and higher than she had known rose in her heart. Many queries troubled her. Prayer was natural in joy or in sorrow as song is natural to a bird, and she could not understand the teaching of the priest that God could hear prayer only through the saints. Her mind went back to her mother's teaching; how different, how much simpler that had been. But then her mother had been different. She remembered faintly a shaking of the head among the village people and a whisper, "gentle blood," when once she had passed with her mother years ago. It had meant nothing to her then, it meant hardly more now, only added to the filial love and veneration in her heart.

So the child grew up, not alone, for she had always her garden, and the field and woods, familiar though they were, were ever new. Children, too, always loved her, and the old were happier for her sunny presence. Her questionings were still unanswered, but they added only a touch of gravity to her girlish innocence,

One afternoon Ursula moved her wheel into the garden, and as she sat spinning in the sunshine the old thoughts came back. If only she might pray to the dear Christ alone. The saints were kind, but Christ had taken the little children in his arms and blest them. That Ursula could understand. She loved to gather the village children round her with a kiss for this one and a flower for that, till they grew to watch for her coming. She loved the Christ for that one thing and it made him seem near, not, as the priest said, too far off and too holy for her even to think of him. Crossing herself reverently, she tried to turn her thoughts away and stopped her wheel a moment to look off over the hills up to the dark castle, where, it was whispered, some great man was imprisoned or was hiding because he had disobeyed the priests. The hills were rugged and steep, but she looked beyond to heaven's blue, and, as she gazed, an intense longing filled her heart for some sign of guidance from heaven.

Long she stood thus till roused by a voice close by, "My daughter, I am thirsty." As her mind awoke, its first thought was that perhaps it might be God had sent an answer to her need. A stranger was standing there, very old, to judge from his long white hair and beard, though his eyes had the brightness of youth and his voice was deep and strong. A long cloak that

covered him from head to foot might serve as a disguise, but now he threw back from his shoulders the hooded cape, burdensome after the toil of climbing. Some time he had been standing watching the rapt expression of the girl's face, till the wish to know the thoughts that caused it led him to speak.

She brought him water from the spring behind the garden, and black bread, the best the house afforded; while he, as he ate, tried gently to learn her thoughts. Only a little questioning was needed to draw from the maiden the whole story of her longings, and then the old man tried to show her that there was no need of saint or priest between her soul and God. It was hard to make it clear to her simple mind. At last he drew a worn volume from beneath his cloak and read to her the words of Christ, "If ye ask anything *in my name*, I will do it." What else the stranger said she hardly heard, so filled was her heart with the message sent, perhaps, straight from heaven. With a quiet smile he turned to leave her, but first, finding she could read a very little, he cut out carefully the leaf of the volume from which he had read and gave it to her, then went on past the cottage up the path toward the grim old castle on the heights.

After that the days were not the same. When the cottage was in order and the flowers cared for, it was Ursula's greatest pleasure to study out a few words from the parchment she carried always in her bosom. Day by day her faith grew clearer and stronger. Day by day she grew farther away from the narrow teaching of the priest. Soon she began to teach the children as they gathered round her; for she was filled with the thought that all must know that she had found such a revelation.

It was a time when man's conscience was waking from a sleep centuries long, and the wakening gave rise to bitter persecutions. For a sin no worse than Ursula's against the laws of the Church a man was branded as a heretic, the penalty, death.

It was Ursula's refusal to attend confession which first brought upon her the attention of the priest. Then her teaching became known, and the Church was shocked and startled to find how far the child had wandered. Pleadings, threats, commands were of no avail to turn the girl from her quiet firmness. Must she give up one, the Church or her new-found faith in Christ? That she could not lose. The precious parchment was soon

taken from her, but she knew the words by heart, and gained from them strength to stand against all the pressure brought to bear upon her. The memory of the last words she had read was with her constantly. She had felt so weak, so ignorant of what was right. She had almost started to go to the priest, confess, and be forgiven. They had told her that she must yield complete obedience to the Church, or else must die, and dying seemed so hard. Then all at once had come her message, so clear there could be no mistake. She was spelling her way laboriously through the last few words on the page: "Greater love — hath no man — than this" —; was it going to tell her some way to show the love that filled her heart for Christ? "Than this — that a man — lay down his life — for his friends." She buried her face in her hands and sobbed. Christ had done that, had laid down his life for her. Did He mean it was to that He called her, too? Was her love great enough for that? "For his friends"; but a few more words were left: "Ye are — my friends, if—" There was no more on the page. The girl's eyes were full of tears and her face was very white, but it shone as shine the angels' faces when they have been in the presence of God. From that time Ursula did not falter.

. . . . . .

It was evening. Along the cliffs a crowd had gathered. The young moon shone on the stern, dark faces of priests; on women's figures, but the faces were hidden; on one slender girlish form with hands bound and eyes upturned to heaven. In all the crowd there were no little children. Back from the rest in deeper shadow stood an old man. His hood was thrown back and a gleam of light fell now and then on his long white hair and on his clasped hands. He might have been praying, and his face was full of sorrow. Sometimes a woman sobbed. There was no other sound save the steady rush of the river below.

No sound until the priest began to speak: "Ursula." She heard his words, but not so clearly as those other words which all day long had repeated themselves over and over in her mind, and which, blended with the rushing of the river, formed a steady undertone. "Ursula, for the last time, dost thou acknowledge and renounce thy heresy?"—"Greater love hath no man — hath no man than this" —. Men told afterward how clear and strong her answer was: "I cannot." — "Than this — that a man —" The

words of the sentence sounded far off, as in a dream: — "be thrown from the cliffs into the river," — "that a man should lay down his life" — O, Christ, for strength to hold out to the end! — "should lay down his life for his friends — for his friends. Ye are my friends, if —."

Next day, two fishermen from farther down the river told how they had seen in the night a white figure floating on the water with a halo of light shining on the pure, calm face and folded hands.

MARY GRACE CALDWELL, '95.

THE TWILIGHT.

Glowing clouds of pink and gold,
Tinkling bells from the distant fold,
And the katydids are crying.
Drowsy birds in the tree-top nest,
Lilies asleep on the water's breast,
And the swallows homeward flying.
Plashing waves on the silvery pond,
Softening hues in the woods beyond,
And the sun in the west is dying.

L. C. M.

IN THE LAND OF SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, July 30, 1893.

There are at least three excursions to be made in the vicinity of Edinburgh. One must see the Forth bridge because of its remarkable engineering; one must visit Roslin chapel because of its infinite variety of, and unusual artistic beauty; and one goes to Edinburgh because it was Scott's home.

Taking an early train, an hour's ride brought us to Melrose, and we made arrangements at once with a cabman for the day. The drive to Abbotsford occupied half an hour, and was warrant enough for a second breakfast. The clouds were lifting over the hills and the keen air and sunshine were truly Scotch in their genuineness. Abbotsford stands a short distance below the road, on the side of a hill sweeping down to the Tweed; as we approached by the highway along which Scott used to saunter with his dogs, it seemed

as if a little realm of romance was suddenly opened to us. The home Scott lavished so much care upon rose before us as a Gothic, castellated mansion; an irregular pile of buildings covered here and there with ivy. Each tower and jutting window had been planned and thought out by Sir Walter, and the result is such a manor as his ingenuity only could suggest. Trees, evergreens and flowers abound, yet not in too great profusion; the rose-garden was in its prime. From the valley of the Tweed rise the hills over which Scott has thrown the mantle of his poetry, and which the heather, that closely woven robe of the Scottish landscape, tints with deep, rich colors. We were in the midst of Scott's storied region!

Leaving our cabman for a doze, we were admitted at an outer gate and conducted through a winding passage-way whose walls were completely overgrown with vines and ivy, and which led into the basement, from which we ascended to the main floor of the house. We were first shown into the study. Ah, there are the windows opening upon the rose-garden. This room remains intact: the desk closed, and the chair in the place Scott left it when he was induced to go to Italy as a last hope of renewing his strength. Stepping into the little room, a hush fell upon the party, while visions of the novelist came to us; there he had devoted his mornings to composition, had prepared his Waverly manuscripts, and in his last years worked early and late to save Abbotsford from passing into the hands of creditors. In one corner of the room a small door leads to a private stairway up which Scott would escape to his room at his own chosen hour, taking care not to disturb Mrs. Scott. The walls of the study are lined with book-cases, and both here and in the library the books remain undisturbed, — so rarely the lot of a private collection.

The library, drawing-room, armory and entrance hall are the other rooms shown to visitors. The Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, a granddaughter of the poet, is the present mistress of the house, and through her courtesy visitors are admitted several days in the week, gratis, to the rooms I have mentioned. The library was Scott's favorite room; its windows look out upon the Tweed and off to the hills. Between the house and river stretches a smooth, finely kept lawn, which must have been a pride to the owner, for Scott was passionately fond of his home. He bought it as a small farm and made it, gradually, one of the stateliest mansions on the Tweed; it was his chief

occupation, in the intervals of literary duties, to add to the embellishments of both the house and grounds. Next to the library is the drawing-room, with deep windows reaching to the floor and affording extensive fine views of the surrounding country. The original Dresden paper is on the walls, and family portraits hang where Scott was accustomed to seeing them. Over the mantel is the famous portrait of himself and favorite greyhound. The fireplace in the great hall was Sir Walter's resting-place after his rambles, for, despite his lameness, he was an indefatigable walker, and, too, the twilight rendezvous for tales and gossip. The mantel here attracts attention, and is an instance of Scott's love for anything old and historic, being formed of morsels of ruins from Melrose Abbey.

In a glass case in the library are collected many relics and treasures, some of which Irving speaks of having seen when the collection was in an embryonic state. Scott was devoted to his country and people; when a boy, nothing delighted him more than the border tales which he afterwards wove into his poems and novels. From this chivalrous delight grew his passion for relics and memorials of his heroes. Of his collection I noticed particularly the following articles: Prince Charles's drinking mug, silver-bound and transparent in order that "he who quaffed might keep an eye on the dark hand of his companion," was first pointed out by an enthusiastic member of the party, who proved an authentic and most particular cicerone. There was a plain glass tumbler known as "Burns's glass," famed because the poet had perhaps used it on a single occasion; the crucifix carried by Queen Mary at her execution, also a sample of one of her dresses, no doubt one she had brought from France; the miniatures Scott and his wife had exchanged before their marriage; a letter in Sir Walter's hand; and a pin made from the stone in which Bruce planted his flag at Bannockburn. Then came the Napoleonic trophies. Scott prided himself greatly upon these, and well he might, for they were associated with crucial moments in Bonaparte's career. Fleeing from Waterloo, the Emperor left his carriage on the road to Paris, and from it were taken his hat, sword, state mantle and other objects, among which was a blotting-book, which by some means found its way to Scott's treasure-house. The book is of green silk, handsomely mounted in gold and decorated with the imperial crest and bees. A pair of Napoleon's pistols is also to be seen in the armory, where, with other weapons, they were placed upon the walls by Sir Walter himself.

Perhaps the most precious relic at Abbotsford is the sword of Montrose, — most precious, at least, to Scott, who says of it: "It was given to the great Marquis of Montrose by Charles I., and appears to have belonged to his father, the gentle King Jamie. . . . I think a dialogue between this sword and Rob Roy's gun might be composed with good effect." This last line expresses the inspiration which existed for Scott in every one of his antiquities. Besides Rob Roy's gun, which bears his initials, R. M. G., Scott possessed his old Highland broadsword and this chieftain's deadlier dirk, purse and sporran. Some pistols of Scott's are in the armory, where, too, he has left two cuirasses and a sword, which he gathered up himself on the field soon after Waterloo. To us, however, as pilgrims to the shrine of Scott, the last suit of clothes he wore seemed an important relic. There were the black and white checked trousers, buckled shoes, black jacket, white vest and tall white hat that had evidently seen service; his stout walking-stick was not missing.

Everything at Abbotsford is genuine. Since Scott's death, over sixty years ago, the place has been carefully kept up, and it remains just as he saw it and left it. No one of the homes of famous men we have visited so appealed to me as this castle of the "mighty minstrel of the North." One feels that it was only yesterday that he called his dogs and started off on a jaunt. His having lived there is intensely real. Washington Irving spent several days at Abbotsford and was forcibly impressed with the charm and personality of his host. Could Rip Van Winkle awake in the land of Scott to-day, things would seem but little changed: he would find the individuality of Scott indelibly stamped there. The gentle spirit of the bard still lingers within sight and sound of the Tweed he loved.

Leaving Abbotsford, I felt that a dream I had long wanted to dream had come and gone; yet not wholly gone, for it can never be forgotten. As we drove away, a remark Scott made to a guest suggested itself: "You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning, like a newspaper. It takes several days of study for any one who has a relish for auld world trumpery." Alas, that while possessing the relish, our time was limited, and on we went to Melrose Abbey. E. J. W., '91.

TO BORROW OR TO LEND?

THE sun had been up a good many hours already, and the lane which led down to Little Red Brook was all flecked over with the sunbeams which had found their way through the tree-tops. The warm, sweet smell of pine-needles came rising from the driveway, where the trees had dropped them yearly for a carpet under one's feet. All red and brown were the needles, with hardly a remnant of green, and so thickly were they collected, that one could not hear John Henry as he trod them underfoot.

John Henry was Mis' Tripp's companion, her confidant and her horse. Mis' Tripp herself was driving, and the vehicle was a dump-cart. She sat well up on the cross-board, one knotted hand clutching the reins, and the other spread out broadly upon her calico apron. She wore a sunbonnet, did Mis' Tripp, and one could not see her face.

The dump-cart was spotlessly clean, and was fragrant of soap and water. Mis' Tripp was very little, really very little indeed, and in comparison with the dump-cart she looked a mere atom. She chirruped to the horse, and flapped the reins: John Henry lumbered on. Presently, of his own accord, he turned into the clearing. It was very dusty and hot here, but Mis' Tripp did not seem to mind. She pushed back her sunbonnet and chirruped still more loudly.

Away up the road could be seen a little black dwelling, built of jagged fence-boards and the trunks of the small gray birch. Sunflowers grew in front of it, and wild roses at the back; the shade of an ancient hemlock was all around and above.

Mis' Tripp stopped flapping the reins and indicated to John Henry that he might indulge in a rest.

"Well, Jane!" said she, with scarcely a rise in her voice. A woman appeared at the doorway with a red-haired little urchin, clinging tightly to her skirts. The skirts betrayed many patches, and the boy, although a well-grown little fellow, was still in unmanly pinafores. Mis' Tripp smiled at the pinafore, and transformed the smile into a scowl for the skirts. "Well, Jane," she repeated, "have you got those potatoes you owe me?" Jane's rough hand twitched nervously at the mat she was braiding. It was a very pretty mat, indeed, and certainly very odd: it was woven of strips of

bark in their own natural colors, and one could guess how the big hands had grown rough and shapeless tearing the unwieldy fragments.

She scowled in her turn, and with the scowl came an instant's resemblance, so that even a stranger could have guessed that big Mis' Guptill and little Mis' Tripp were sisters.

"No," she answered, shortly, "and what's more, there isn't no prospect of getting 'em."

Mis' Tripp's face was hidden, to be sure, and the voice that answered was gruff, but the hand that held the reins shook with a sudden tremor that might have been of joy, and if one could judge by the twinkle in John Henry's furthermost blinder, one could not call it otherwise.

"Of course you understand, then, that I shall take the boy." The silence from the doorway was golden in its weight. Mis' Tripp prepared to descend, and the child, mistrusting her intentions, set up a healthy outcry.

Mis' Guptill bent down towards him, and lifted him in her arms. His rough boots, too large and bulky for such restless, childish feet, fell unreproved upon her spotless apron; the little sun-browned face was hidden on her shoulder. She looked a very giantess prepared to protect her own, yet when her tiny sister stretched out her arm for the boy, she gave him without a word.

Mis' Tripp put the child on the cross-board, turned John Henry and clambered up herself. It was noticeable that she either could not or would not glance again at the doorway. She drove out of the yard, the tramp of John Henry's footsteps mingling almost rhythmically with the child's lusty shrieks.

Mis' Guptill still stood on the door-stone, but she leaned against the wall, and her apron was well over the tangled, grisly head. The sunshine came over and touched her for very sympathy, and the biggest sunflower beside her caressed her with its leaves. There was a broken cup on the doorstep that the boy had had for a plaything, and a piece of slate beside it was marked with the A B C's. She had meant he should know his letters, and perhaps some day go to school. Who knew what a wonderful future might be before her boy? Hers? Well, yes, by all rights of honor. She had taken him from drunken parents, when he was scarcely three months old. She had shielded that little ruddy head from no one knew how many blows; she had fed him, and clothed him, and loved him, and had cared for him body and soul.

She smoothed the apron across her lap, and began listlessly to braid. In and out went the clumsy fingers, and ever wonderfully grew their beautiful work.

By and by, she put on her sunbonnet, the fac-simile of Mis' Tripp's, and went down to the farther pasture to get some blueberries. Very slowly she picked them at first, and then finally not at all. She sat down in the midst of the bushes, to the great disgust of the grasshopper population, and actually she smiled. It was a smile of determination and courage rather than one of amusement.

She gave a twitch to her sunbonnet, and went briskly to work. Soon the great pail beside her was filled to the very brim, for few people could pick blueberries as fast as Jane Guptill could. She rose to her feet and started homeward. "Mats don't sell very well this time of year," she soliloquized; "I guess likely I shall have to depend on berrying." A fallen bird's nest lay on the grass at her feet, and she stooped to pick it up: "Land's sake!" said she, dropping it again, "I forgot he wasn't to home." Her big chin quivered like a child's.

The days following were very busy ones to Mis' Guptill, and never once did Mis' Tripp stop John Henry at her doorway. To be sure, one hot afternoon, when Jane was sweltering as usual in the pasture, she had seen the old blue dump-cart with John Henry just in front, and had caught a glimpse of a little pink pinafore beside the calico apron and sunbonnet on the seat. But what had cut her to the heart and had left a dull ache there for a long time afterwards, was the sound of childish laughter and the prattle of a childish voice, too happy by far to contain a hint of secret regret. To think that her boy could be happy with any one but herself!

Just the same, she paused not an instant in the process of filling her pail, and that very evening, late after sundown, she trudged wearily to the Coal Kiln grocery, where she sold the fruits of her labor at the price of eight cents a quart. Potatoes were high just then, but a little later they would be cheaper, and by that time she would certainly be ready to purchase back her boy.

Day by day, her little hoard increased, and never a cent did she take from it to buy herself tea or sugar. Tobacco had been long ago given up, for a pair of wondering, childish eyes had quite stared her pipe out of countenance.

She grew worn and thin, did Mis' Guptill, and possibly might have grown pale, if it had not been for the sunburn that had browned her cheeks and hands. Her hair was whitening steadily under the rays of the summer sun, and happy air-castles about her boy prevented her sleeping at night.

It was already the middle of October when the longed-for event occurred. Mis' Guptill went chuckling out to the grocery, jingling suspiciously a bag that served her for a purse, and clattering her heavy boots unduly, as she hurried over the sidewalk. Potatoes she wanted, she said, and the order she gave was a large one. "Have 'em sent 'round to Mis' Tripp's," she said, briskly, "and mind you be right smart about doing it." Then she paid for them out of the jingly bag, and some one heard her mutter, as she passed them at the door, "That's the last time I'll ever borrow again, if I die for it beforehand."

She thought it over as she turned Red Brook way, and wondered if it could be true. Three years she had been borrowing, just a little, off and on, and she'd no idea 'twould have amounted to such a mess as that. Well, she'd got it paid off, at any rate, and she would certainly have her boy.

She had got so far down the lane now, that she could see Mis' Tripp's gray cottage, as it stood out through the trees. It was a much better little house than her own was, and had always been painfully neat. Never a shaving found its way upon the grass in front, never a dead leaf was suffered to remain upon the rocks behind. Even the stall which formed John Henry's chamber was quite beyond reproach.

The sun was just at the setting, and the waters of Little Red Brook had been drawing a deeper redness in the reflection of its glow. A boy in a faded pink pinafore looked up as Mis' Guptill approached, and dropped a mass of broken clam-shells to defile the grass at his feet. Beyond, just on the doorstep, sat little Mis' Tripp herself. She looked frightened, as she saw the intruder, but the boy, with a delighted shout, which did one hearer good, ran as fast as his sturdy legs would carry him, into big Mis' Guptill's embrace. He held her neck close in both his arms, one smudgy hand smoothing her cheek, and his little close-cropped head pressed lovingly against her hair. She grew really white through her tan.

"Well, Jane," said Mis' Tripp, harshly, and with a touch of conscious strength, "have you got those potatoes you owe me?" and Jane, with unexpected promptness, replied meekly that she had.

The silence that followed was as heavy as one other silence had been. The boy still smoothed Mis' Guptill's cheek, but Mis' Tripp's hands were trembling as she worked them in her lap. She got up and went over to the two figures while they crouched upon the grass. "Lend me half, Jane," she said, timidly; "stay here at Red Brook with us two. I want to borrow half of the boy. Don't take him away from me." There were really tears in the hard old eyes that looked out from the sunbonnet. Mis' Guptill took one arm from the boy, and put it around her sister. The unwonted caress made her awkward, but her smile was one of assent.

The boy leaned back from her shoulder with a satisfied little sigh. "Why, child!" said Mis' Tripp, briskly, "What is the trouble with your face?" "Dirt," said the boy, laconically, and both of the women smiled.

RANDOM BITS.

TEA WITH AUNT LETITIA.

How delightful it was to have tea with Aunt Letitia, especially in summer when the evening meal was served in the eastern corner of the long, rose-sheltered piazza. Aunt Letitia, with her dainty cap, kerchief and shimmering gray silk gown, was a picture of charming hospitality as she sat opposite one at that little table set with snowy damask, sparkling glass, old silver and quaint blue china; and then what fragrant tea, crisp toast and amber honey she offered! And what good stories of old times she told as we sat there with the climbing white roses, swaying in the evening breeze, nodding like kindly friends, while the reflected light of the setting sun touched the quiet valley and distant hills with a hundred opaline tints.

G. R. McF.

ONE NIGHT IN THE CANON.

All sound in the canon but that of the stream as it hasted over the rocks and swished through the boughs of the low-lying sycamore, was lulled by the coming of night. Darkness, dim-lit by the stars, lay in the groove of the mountain, but high on San Antonio's peak fell a silver promise of light.

I listened and watched and waited. Slowly, slowly down the crags the midnight glory crept, till it touched the sleeping day-lily by my side, which stirred as if waking at dawn. The southern moon had risen. Truly, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." S. H. B.

TO MY DROPPED ELECTIVE.

I chose thee when to choose I had full power.
Each summer day I fondly thought on thee,
And proudly said, "I'll take Philology."
Impatient, long I waited for the hour,
But when it came, alas! stern Fate did lower.
The grim committee said, "It cannot be.
We cannot grant you such felicity.
Above us, see, that Schedule stern doth tower."
And now the reason for my change you know.
Not fickle was I, but against my will
Compelled to leave thee. Cease to haunt me so.
For care enough my wearied heart doth fill
Without beseeching thy pale form to go.
Pray leave me to my peaceful dreams. Be still.

PUN-ISHABLE PSYCHOLOGICAL ASSOCIATIONS.

Once there was a race — a race of girls. But it wasn't a human race; it was a race for knowledge. And there were many classes. And the girls all ran, for "he who runs may read." Yet everybody said the girls didn't take enough exercise! The girls picked up bits of knowledge — when they didn't stumble over them — and they carried these themselves, for they couldn't always be expressed. And they made them into little mounds and they left them. In so far as the mounds were right they were all alike, so they did no one any good. Sometimes the mounds were quite flat. That was a terrible condition! As the mounds were heavy, the wonder was that the teacher ever carried them away. But she always did, and no one ever saw them again. Still, when their mounds were carried away, the girls were let pass. And in the end they all won. Whether they were four or five years it was all one — to a degree. And in the end? At least they were tired.

M. T. W., '95.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

A few days ago a hundred and fifty unemployed men in Boston, under the leadership of a certain socialistic "crank" and fanatic, marched up to the State House and demanded to see the governor. He chanced to be absent, and after a little aimless lingering in the corridors the men departed and the demonstration from which the aforesaid crank had hoped great results, accomplished nothing. This is a misstatement; it had one effect. It afforded a fine opportunity for a display of newspaper wit, and every daily in Boston made the most of it. Their ridicule was chiefly directed against the leader of the party, and the editors made themselves exceedingly merry at his expense. He deserved it, of course; he ought to have known that such a plan could result only in a fiasco, that the governor, had he been present, could have done nothing, that the plan was foredoomed to failure, and ridiculous failure at that. All this the editors said, but there were some things they omitted. They did not mention, for instance, that he is a graduate of one of our best known Eastern colleges, a man of wealth and refinement, who, becoming convinced that our social order is wrong, has devoted his fortune and himself to its improvement. They did not state that he has given up comfort and ease and congenial companionship, and is living in the poorest way among the poorest people, that he may win their confidence and help them as they cannot help themselves. They did not say that he is sacrificing every personal ambition, repressing every longing for personal happiness, making his personal existence a living sacrifice, that he may practise what the rest of us profess to believe. These things had nothing to do with the case. Practical common sense and a due regard for one's own interests is what we need in these days, my brethren, and if a man have not these he is fair game for the editorial witlings, no matter what trifles in the way of self-sacrifice, heroism and devotion to humanity he may possess.

Editorial.

I.

WE, the '94 editorial board of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, being of sane mind, in perfect health and memory, and in possession of all our rightful faculties, do hereby make this our last will and testament. We do give and bequeath to the '95 editorial board and their heirs forever, our corner of the corridor on the fourth floor, containing a chest of drawers, a lock-box and key, a table, and an inscription of antiquarian value, "The Office of the Wellesley Prelude"; the key to the closet in Elocution Hall, and the contents thereof, dust, cobwebs, and back numbers of the "Prelude" and MAGAZINE; our printer; all the MSS. which have poured in upon us, during the last month, from aspiring Ninety-fives; the accumulating text-books sent in for the board to review. And we do, moreover, will and devise to the '95 board and their heirs forever, the ensuing rules of conduct for their safe guidance through the vicissitudes of magazine life: — (1.) So frame all editorials that the chance insertion of nine lines of utterly extraneous matter will not interfere in the slightest with the continuity of thought. (2.) Proffer each request for an article at least three months beforehand, with postal cards of reminder sent out at suitable intervals, and appoint the final date of its arrival fully two weeks before it will be actually needed. (3.) Inaugurate and preserve the custom of adding to the slender stock of alumnæ notes by judicious manufacture, and secure services of a Dead Letter Office employee to assist in the deciphering of any notes that may voluntarily appear. (4.) Cultivate the habit of looking at the daily annals of college life as through a microscope, and by incessant effort learn to make the most out of a very little, and to slight not the humblest detail. (5.) During vacations let each member of the board indite one short story, two poems, three editorials and four Free Press articles, taking extraordinary pains to render them of so light a character as to perceptibly counteract the weight of any long article which may be sent in for publication. In witness whereof we have hereunto put our hands this ? day of March, 1894.

THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF '94.

II.

NOTHING could be much more trite and unoriginal than any remarks upon the arrival of the spring. Yet we cannot refrain from giving a welcome to the season which holds in store so many delights. The maple buds are swelling and turning red, and the yellow willow tree across the lake is taking on a greenish tint as the rising sap brings new life to every twig. Now and then the fragment of a song, unheard for many months, floats out from the shadows of the pine tree boughs.

There is a magic in the air that hints of the time when we can truly say:—

> "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
> The flowers appear on the earth;
> The time of the singing of birds is come,
> And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

III.

IN a recent editorial in the MAGAZINE, on the journalistic "Woman's Page," the doubt was expressed that the protest would ever reach the eyes for which it was intended. But we were too modest; not realizing the extent of our influence. The "Congregationalist" of Feb. 15 quotes the editorial as "A Sensible Protest." We hope that this is an indication of a sphere of influence perhaps inclusive of "the great dailies, which count their circulation by thousands and hundreds of thousands." At any rate, we would thank our honored contemporary for its encouragement of our spirit of reform.

Is there not something suggestive in this publicity, for those among us who are desirous of winning fame? Have we no "Jos" in our midst, who enjoy the excitement of getting in a "vortex"? Surely there must be some ambitious maidens who covet other than college laurels. The MAGAZINE presents an opportunity for making the beginning of a career as a writer which we will not limit.

IV.

THERE is an article in a late number of the "Cosmopolitan," entitled "A Hint for Colleges," which is certainly suggestive to those who know anything of college life. It advocates the introduction of manual training as a part of the required curriculum, particularly the study of drawing.

We give our attention here in Wellesley, both directly and indirectly, to athletics for the development of the different parts of the body, and are producing good results. If something of the same general care could be given to the increase of manual dexterity, what fine things we might hope for in the future! What delightful illustrated articles for the MAGAZINE! The drawings would be no trouble, for we would all have some ability in that direction, and much hidden talent would be brought to light.

Much beauty that is now unseen in the commonest accessories of our daily life, would become a source of pleasure if we but possessed some practical knowledge of sketching.

So, when our college reaches its ideal state; when the observatory, the chapel and the gymnasium are secured, we will hope that the drawing classes will be as eagerly sought as the basket-ball field or the tennis courts.

V.

In the absorbing interests of our college life, the events of the great outside world pass by unnoticed by very many of us. Of course, it is natural that the duties pressing upon us for immediate attention should occupy the greater part of our time and thought. But shall we not become somewhat narrow if we continually limit our horizon to the hills surrounding Waban Mere? The year that has already seen the reconciliation of the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck; the resignation, probably for the last time, of Mr. Gladstone, and the continuance of two revolutions, surely cannot be an uninteresting historical period to live in.

We are greatly obliged to those who record for us the most important items of daily news. But something more than a glance at the library bulletin board is necessary in order to have an intelligent knowledge of the events of the day.

Perhaps if we could look at the politics of our own time and country from the historical point of view, our interest in it would be more real.

VI.

THE tendency of college life is toward the growth of a certain fine reserve. The student gains new power of expression, firmer mental grasp, a shining vision of life's many mysteries, and becomes yearly a more

fluent writer, a better conversationalist, a wiser friend. Perhaps, seemingly, he gives generously on every hand from the treasures of his storehouse; yet meanwhile, in the soul's inmost recess, lies its real wealth, every intellectual advance riveting the bars which defy invasion. We do not say it is best, we censure it not, we simply hold it is true.

VII.

WE have read of a "great, bright god of Self-restraint," revered by the Japanese. We have wished that he might become a strong reality to certain Wellesley girls. If we are continually bemoaning the quantity of work we have done and the overwhelming amount yet before us; if we are forever pitying ourselves and magnifying our several ailments and misfortunes; if we whine and grumble and fret over the necessary and the inevitable, then an early acquaintance with that "great, bright god" would be a boon to all with whom we come in contact. If we would only quietly remedy what we can, and as quietly shoulder and bear what remains, daily life would be more cheerful, and companionship a more exalted delight.

The Free Press.

I.

Now that the advisability of some form of student government is being discussed in the class meeting, the corridors, the study and the columns of the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE, it may be helpful to get before us a general view of student government as it exists in our sister colleges, Vassar, Bryn Mawr and Smith. We have to learn so much by personal experience that we are glad to study at a safe distance, delicate and perhaps dangerous experiments in process of trial.

The membership of the Students' Association of Vassar consists of all members of the college. The object is "to transact business pertaining to the whole body of students, and to further the interests of the students so far as lies within its powers." The rules for self-government fall under four heads: provisions for trust, provisions for time of retiring, provisions for exercise, and provisions for chapel attendance. In most respects they are so similar to like provisions at Wellesley that a detailed explanation would be superfluous. One noticeable

point is that in case of college engagements holding after 9.35 P. M. the students are allowed twenty-five minutes to compose themselves for the night. Daily exercise for not less than one hour in the open air is required. Exercise in the gymnasium may be substituted, and one hour or more of active committee work is considered a substitute for one-half hour of out-door exercise. The provisions for chapel attendance are, at first sight, calculated to stagger the average Wellesley student. The privileged senior is allowed four cuts a semester, but the rest of the members have to be content with three, the Sunday morning service counting as two.

The making of rules is always a simpler matter than their enforcement. This heavy task the Vassar Association entrusts to a committee on self-government. This committee has it in its power to summon before it any members of the association, and may even suspend from membership any student guilty of flagrant breach of the rules.

I was unable to obtain a copy of the detailed rules of the Bryn Mawr Students' Association, but the general plan seems to be similar to that used at Vassar. The association aims to deal with all those questions concerning the conduct of its members which do not fall under the jurisdiction of the authorities of the college or of the mistresses of the halls of residence. An executive committee carries out the will of the association, and at present there is an advisory committee whose duty it is to advise and act with the executive board. It is thought that this will considerably lighten the responsibility of the committee which before was too powerful for its own comfort.

The immediate responsibility for the conduct of the students in each dormitory rests with three proctors. If a proctor finds herself unable to deal with a student she applies to the board of proctors. This board investigates the case and deals with it as it sees fit. In case the offence merits severe treatment the student receives a formal remonstrance. If the board prefers not to deal with the matter alone it calls in the advisory committee; the refractory student is summoned before them and if unable to excuse herself for her disregard of the formal remonstrance, is reprimanded by the president. If this reprimand is unavailing, the student is requested to live outside the college.

The greatest drawback to the self-government system at Bryn Mawr is found to be the large sacrifice of time and strength required of its officers. Ought not this to have considerable weight with the Wellesley girl who even now may regard her college life as a grinding system of work and committee meetings?

The system at Smith is comparatively simple. The so-called conference com-

mittee of faculty and students was organized about two years ago. Its object is to give the students some voice in matters that particularly concern them, and to provide official means of communication between teachers and students. A committee of eight from the faculty meets with ten representatives of the students. These representatives are the four class-presidents, three members of the senior class, two juniors and a sophomore. The students, as far as I can learn, are heartily satisfied with the effects of this system. They do not claim that the students gain more actual liberty by having some voice in the conduct of affairs, but they feel that it does have the desirable effect of narrowing the awful gulf popularly supposed to exist between faculty and students.

Student government means anything but no government. Viewed in any light it must be regarded as a decidedly heavy elective which one would hesitate to add to a heavy programme. In the very idea of some form of co-operative government there is a certain fairness and squareness which cannot but appeal strongly to many of us who feel that in the present system there is something lacking to bring about the best possible understanding between the governing and the governed.

FLORENCE T. FORBES.

II.

There are two rules in Wellesley College which have been strangely neglected: Rule VI.: "A brief period of strictly silent time will be observed each evening. During this time the students will be required to be in their rooms and silent"; and Rule VII: "At 10 P. M. students will promptly extinguish their lights, retire and preserve quiet. No work is permitted until the rising bell." We have, as college students, been more or less spasmodically considering the subject of co-operative government. These two propositions have a real though not obvious connection which I wish to show. I would attempt an analysis of one phase of this subject: — the causes of the non-observance by Wellesley students of the rules for personal conduct, a proposed remedy, and the bearing of this remedy on the plans for co-operative government.

Theoretically, there is a wide step between the student at the preparatory school and the college woman. Practically, this step is at first not so apparent. The new member of the college looks at her college life in much the same way as she looked at her life in the preparatory school. There it was often thought that rules were made by those without interest in the students, and since they were made under such conditions, they need not be kept. And thus the friction between faculty and student began. Friction between faculty and student, it is

obvious, means loss of power to both. But the girl at the preparatory school is still in that age between the girl and the woman when the recklessness and the restlessness are all on the surface, thrust out by the slow growing of her nobler self; so she comes to college with perhaps some grave ideal of what a college woman should be, at least awake to certain new responsibilities and influences which a new atmosphere would exert. But in this matter of rules, call it a slight matter if you will, what does example teach? Across the corridor is a '96 room, next to her a '95 or '94. Lights are burning long past ten, and the sudden quiet during silent time simply means a professor is coming. Of course, the new members of the Wellesley life quickly follow example, and one more centre of confusion is added to the whole. Example is never so contagious as in this crowded Wellesley world. This is not altogether inference or observation. Some of the '97's have said: "We came to college supposing rules were to be kept, but when we told upper-class girls we had broken one, they only laughed and said, 'No one keeps rules here!'"

Much of the responsibility for this lack of fidelity towards the college life lies among the upper-class girls. It is true that we come to college for something more than mere academic work. There is a social life and an atmosphere belonging to it, that means as much of length and breadth and height as the pure intellectual development. But neither side of Wellesley life may be neglected. Neither the girl who spends all the evening at spreads and sits up late to study nor the girl who studies all the evening and sits up late for the one more point, is a true exponent of the Wellesley life. It is a false conception of the purpose of these rules to say that they were made simply because the students are not old enough to judge for themselves. Be that as it may, surely where interests are interwoven one with the other, where each student determines in part the true conservatism of time and energy for the whole, such a trivial conception does not seem befitting a thoughtful college woman. Our days are busy ones, our moments are crowded, we grow impatient at interruption during study hours, we wish sometimes that rules were stricter. At present, then, does it not seem more dignified to regard those we already have as natural restrictions of our little world, corresponding to those that will be laid upon us by society at large when school work is over?

But whether we believe it wise or not to study after ten, this remains true: when entering Wellesley College, as students, we place ourselves under the regulations governing personal conduct as surely as under those governing academic work. No one thinks of entering a society with a condition. Why, then, should it be

thought any the less possible to talk during silent time? We may say we do not believe in rules, we may say that health does not demand the rest, we may say that our lessons cannot be learned between seven in the morning and ten at night,—the only bearing such objections have on the subject is that they call for the consideration of a change. They alter in no degree the absolute demand the college may make on us for their observance. Imagine a saloon keeper without a license brought before the court saying, "I don't believe in the power of a city to limit the right of an individual, and I shall keep my saloon open." "O, thou, wise in thy generation, go to the neighboring town where there is no license; if thou stayest here, sell not a drop." It is true that as students we scarcely realize how we are pledged to the observance of rules. It is rather from this lack of consideration than from any attempt at defiance, the trouble comes. We may forget their true purpose and see them only as barriers between our needs and their fulfilment, but we dare not as matriculates forget our pledge.

In the college building especially the effects of this lack of consideration and forgetfulness are very apparent. Corridors are noisy long after ten, and the quiet of the silent time means nothing for the student anxious for a rest. The academic work suffers, and loss of rest means a tense nervousness for the next day. But worse than this is the effect on the moral growth. Wellesley may truly be proud of the noble, symmetrical women she fits for the responsible duties of life, but that symmetry must come in a large measure from the realization that the wishes of the individual must give way to the needs of the community. The reverse means a sharp corner instead of a rounded curve in the student's development.

This problem of rules and regulations is not peculiar to Wellesley. Two colleges have tried to solve it in two different ways. Amherst has a senate composed of ten members — four seniors, three juniors, two sophomores and one freshman, the chairman of the committee being the president of the college. As expressed in its annual catalogue, when a student enters Amherst, "he is received as a gentleman, and as such is trusted to conduct himself in obedience to law and maintenance to order. The privileges of the college are granted only to those who enter into an agreement to fulfil in all respects this trust." College rules are then simplified and their observance put upon the honor of the individual student. Whenever it appears that a student has broken this contract in any matter outside of pure academic work, the case is brought before the senate which determines whether the contract is broken and if broken whether it shall be renewed. In Vassar there is a Students' Association in which all members of the college, merely because they are college members, are enrolled. The rules

of the association are framed by the students and are, in several cases, more severe in their requirements than are ours. If any student is unwilling to hold membership in this association and abide by its rules, she must submit herself to the supervision of the faculty. This association observes all breaches of orders and passes judgment upon them.

Both of these methods are for the present impracticable for Wellesley for two reasons. This is true: if the in-coming president has other plans for the solution of this problem, she would scarcely wish to shape the workings of a foreign plan yet in its infancy. She could hardly give at the entrance into new duties the time or consideration the oversight of such a plan demands. This would be doubly true if she were unused to Wellesley life. Again, any plan for co-operative government means additional responsibility on the part of the student, and no such responsibility should ever be granted until we, as students, show ourselves strong and ready for it. The value of any new plan should not be risked on the attitude of a number of thoughtless students. As yet we seem hardly awake to our responsibilities. Complaints against rules not kept amount to nothing, half-hearted interest, if it goes no further, is worse than nothing. So long as corridor teachers are required, so long as students are mere girls and not college women, just so long would the faculty hesitate to lessen their responsibility, further to increase the students. This belief of theirs means our own continued inaction, and it means the discouragement of plans for a co-operative government which shall include on a recognized basis both faculty and students.

Where shall we start? We recognize the disorder and, to a certain degree, we recognize our desire for something different. Let us recognize as well our own responsibility. Let us recognize that any beginning must be from the lowest round, and means self-denial, systematic work and labor. Let us, since we are Wellesley students, make that beginning; let us keep the rules. If, after a thorough trial we find that either rules or academic work must suffer, then we can demand a change, either of rules or of academic work. For the one was made in the interests of the other; they are not two distinct entities, but functions of the same quantity.

The results from such observance would fully justify the self-denial. There would be quiet during study hours, freedom from interruption, and hence that provision for academic work which we all desire — system. There would be the dignified college woman awake to her responsibilities, yet, withal, keeping her true social nature open. But, far more than all, there would be another common ground between faculty and students. If in Wellesley still survives a touch of that

older form of relationship between faculty and students which more truly belongs to boarding-school life, when the interests of its two members were supposed to be divergent, it may be destroyed. As a body of college women recognizing the necessities of the moment, recognizing also the change and alleviation time will bring, we should respond with true loyalty to the requirements. We cannot doubt this response would be met by that other body of college women, the faculty, and the basis for broader, more radical plans will be laid. Is it not worth the effort?

E. H. Y., '96.

III.

Every human-made rule has its exception, and by a thoughtful mind and a clear judgment the earnest consideration of possible exceptions to even the most worthy rule will be given a courteous attention. With this remark, which would be trite, were it not so often apparently disregarded, we will unburden ourselves of a weight we have carried for three years of a college course. There are few sensible Wellesley girls who do not thankfully appreciate the blessing of the "lights out at ten" requirement. They are glad enough to lay aside work and retire to peaceful dreams, undisturbed by noise or troubled with anxiety. They are heartily grateful for the strengthening influence it has upon health-preservation, and willingly co-operate to further its well-being. Yet there are none among them who do not know that it is possible for even the best regulated, most far-sighted and systematic student to find herself occasionally by force of circumstances with a piece of work on her hands requiring one or two hours more than she can wring from the ordinary sources. It is a real case of "Zeit est geld," and two hours that evening are quadruple the value of two hours the next afternoon. Given such data for her problem, the student has but two methods of solution. Shall she rise by her alarm-clock to seize the small hours of the morning and accomplish her work by lamplight to the exceeding detriment of eyesight and general unfitness for the duties of the day so prematurely begun, or shall she, thoroughly in the spirit of the work, continue one or two hours after the ten o'clock bell, and retire for seven or eight hours' soundest sleep upon that soft pillow — the consciousness of a hard task's successful completion? Experience having taught her that the second is the lesser of two evils, she descends to make known her need and desire to the proper authority. Often the simple statement is deemed sufficient, but often she is expostulated with, and either refused point blank or limited so as to render the permission practically valueless. It is under such circumstances, O ye sympathetic Free Press, that she longs for a vivid mani-

festation for the regard proverbially attached to exceptions, and yearns that some weight be granted to the good sense and discretion of a college woman.

'94.

IV.

We cannot refrain from taking up a free lance in behalf of the Wellesley students in the village. Whoever strolls through that dreariest region of College Hall, the Catacombs, of a noon-time, may view these unhappy creatures, sitting on hard benches, eating cold lunches in their underground abode, surrounded by a phalanx of umbrellas and an army of rubber overshoes, with no more pleasing field of vision than the dingy array of lost note-books and MSS. adorning the numerous dusty pigeon-holes. Could not arrangements be made whereby cheerful surroundings and something warm might be provided for people who often have a long walk and a hard morning's work behind them, and three recitations and a long walk before them? Could not a small extra table in College Hall, one in each of the cottages, and in several of the dining-rooms at Stone Hall be arranged for, and systematic provision be made for all village students obliged to remain at the college during the noon hour?

Secondly, could not Dr. Barker at the Eliot grant village students all permissions for absence from college. Though quite unforeseen on Saturday, it may be necessary to go into Boston on a Monday morning, the earlier the train the better, and, under present arrangements, the village student must tramp a mile and back before she can gain the requisite permission from the authority at College Hall. Living in the village has certain disadvantages and deprivations which are necessary afflictions, but the crying evils we have mentioned are capable of amelioration, and ought in the near future to be abolished.

'94.

V.

"Fifteen minutes for refreshments!" We all acknowledge the attractiveness of this announcement when taking a little journey in the world. But here in college we have more than fifteen minutes in which to satisfy the cravings of the inner woman. In fact, sometimes the amount of time quite overbalances the contents of our lunch-baskets, especially if the latter are conspicuous for their absence. Those of us who abide in the village realize the necessity for the frequent appearance of the aforesaid lunch-baskets. But any charm of novelty which they may have possessed early in the year, has by this time vanished in the recesses of the Catacombs.

Sometimes when, through some unforeseen accident, we have to exist on a

mental diet of Ruskin or perhaps Hindu philosophy, we ask ourselves, why is this thus? In our mind's eye we see a room, not in the Catacombs, in which are many little tables. Each table has its quota of girls, evidently enjoying the hot soup, bouillon and sandwiches, which are to be had for a small sum. We cannot discover further details of the picture, for the light is dim. But of one thing we feel quite certain, if our vision ever materializes, that those who now groan under the burden of lunch-baskets and boxes would hail with delight the opportunity to free themselves from this bondage.

"SPECIAL."

Book Reviews.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ENGLISH ROMANTIC MOVEMENT, by W. L. Phelps, Instructor of English Literature at Yale College. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

Mr. Phelps has bravely entered a new field of literary study, and has written the first history of English romanticism. He traces the romantic movement during the years 1700-1765, from its first faint beginnings to its firm establishment by Gray. The book is evidently the result of careful, critical research, and the fact that it is of more interest to the technical student than to the general reader is due more to the "desperately dull" character of the literature with which it deals than to the method and style of the writer.

PRACTICAL METHODS IN MICROSCOPY, by Charles H. Clark. Published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

For the private worker and beginner in scientific investigation, this book promises to be of great value. It is essentially practical, theory being omitted, except when necessary to an understanding of the directions. Clear, detailed directions are given as to the care and use of the microscope, and as to methods of preparing and mounting specimens. The book is beautifully illustrated, is well indexed, and contains, in an appendix, formulæ for the preparation of necessary substances.

Exchanges.

The "Dartmouth Literary Monthly" for February comes to us with an attractive table of contents. It contains, for the most part, very readable short stories and well-formed verse. We take the liberty to quote from the exchange editor, who says:—

"It is now customary to give personal credit to the author as well as to the periodical. This is as it should be, and it is as applicable, we think, in the college literary world. Too many of our exchanges make use of that comprehensive and meaningless monosyllable, "Ex." Who has not discovered some of his orphaned children perambulating under that villainous name of "Ex."? After all, why should we not have our story-tellers, our poets and critics in our own little literary world? There are men in every college who are experts in one of those branches; a very few dabble in them all. Let us give our college "scribblers" the benefit of a brief four years' reputation in this toy world of letters before they are lost in the great ocean of literature. The practice of giving personal credit in our exchange departments would make them of much greater interest to the college at large. A very few of our exchanges have already adopted the custom of giving the author his due, and we see no reason why it should not become general. It is certain, at least, that the much quoted "Ex." should cease to figure so largely as the author of our brightest clippings."

If the above suggestion were followed, perhaps our exchange columns would be read with more interest. Of the short stories for the month, we liked best "His First Client," by Burpee C. Taylor; although, from the beginning, the plot was too evident. Of the verse, "Love's Old Sweet Song," by John H. Bartlett, is the most finished. We recommend to the amateur short story writer, a perusal of the leading article, "The Short Story," by Prof. C. F. Richardson, from which we quote the following:—

"Confining our view, then, to the *short* story, it should never be forgotten, first of all, that the story must be interesting in itself. No cleverness of occasional phrase, no presentation of peculiar character, no inserted delineation of unfamiliar scene, no discussion of this or that phase of religion, morals, society, social reform, politics or poverty, can take the place of inherent and apparently artless interestingness. That is the quality which saves the masterpieces of fiction, and sometimes makes a little masterpiece out of unsuspected material."

The "Harvard Advocate" thinks that the chirography of the Harvard instructors of English "now demands a more serious attention." "Men who work conscientiously over the hopelessly dull tasks imposed by English C, justly resent having to waste their time and eyes in deciphering hyper-criticisms." We exhort Wellesley students to hear these complaints with lenience; for the Harvard stu-

dents are compelled to decipher the handwriting of *three* forensic instructors. This March number contains several exceedingly original stories, especially "The Fragment of a Modern Tale," by John Mack," Jr., and "A Summer Incident," by R. L. Raymond.

The prose articles of the "Yale Literary Magazine" for February are above the average college magazine production. The leading article, "A Defense of Grinds," by Edward B. Reed, is exceedingly well written and full of sound sense.

The "Smith College Monthly" for February opens with a long, interesting story, rich in subtle humor and fine delineation of character. It is called "His Option," by Mary A. Jordan. The other articles, "The Death of Scyld" (Poem), "Stories of the West," "Poem," "The Possibilities of Domestic Co-operation," "The Tramp," "One of My Scholars," and "Pastel," are of high literary merit. The editorial columns discuss the unnecessary and pedantic use of the the two terms, Alumnus and Alumna; and the excessive sensibility among fellow-students in regard to mutual literary criticism. We clip a

POEM.

Dark the woods behind us growing,
Bright the sunset colors glowing
And the pine trees, blowing, blowing,
  Sighed and shivered — Love and Fear
  Mingled like a smile and tear,—
  Sighed and shivered, sobbed and quivered,
  — Hope and Dread
  A mighty thread
In our life was weaving —
Blacker grew the clouds to westward;
Thunders muttered and re-echoed,
Till the lightning's bright flash cleaving
Burned the doubt into believing.
  In each other's eyes we read
  End of all the mystic dread;
  Were no longer shuddering spirits
  Trembling in each other's presence,
  But a free, ecstatic being,
  From our one soul God's world seeing,
  But a home for our abiding
  Till our spirits, strong, confiding,
  Stand no longer at Love's door,
  But joyous pass the threshold o'er.

—*M. P. Wyatt.*

Perhaps a reason for the great lack of college verse for February in honor of St. Valentine may be found in the following lines, taken from "The Yale Courant":—

Cupid of old was a lad small and gay,
His mirth was contagious — he laughed all the day,
His arrows found rest in each feminine heart;
A man was the salve he applied for each smart.
St. Valentine then was the god of the year,
To men and to maidens, both equally dear.

But now Cupid pines; he's no longer the thing;
His arrows have lost their once much-beloved sting.
He's out of the fashion — 'tis plain to all eyes —
Each girl from his influence sorrowful flies.
Come, let us call back the delights of old times,
With Love as Religion, let's be Valentines.

—*Edward W. Hobart.*

"The Mount Holyoke", however, has not forgotten the rapidly waning fourteenth of February, and offers us these dainty lines:—

MY VALENTINE.

Sun, golden sun, hast thou never seen night?
Rising and sinking in oceans of light!
Moon, silver moon, hast thou never seen day?
Sailing serene on thy star-jeweled way!

Loved one, my loved one, I'll love thee alway,
Till the sun shall see night, and the moon shall see day!

—*Catharine Y. Glen, '94.*

We also clip from this magazine,

THE KODAK.

A buttercup close by the gate
In yellow brightness bloometh late
So sweet.
My lady in her silken gown
From out her hammock steppeth down,
Yet sweeter.

The sinking sun far in the west
In amber cloudlets seeketh rest,
Oh, bright!
My lady's golden locks spun fine,
E'en though the sun half dazzleth, shine
Still brighter.

The verse of "The Brown Magazine" for February is exceedingly good. We select the first stanza of the "Storm" (in three stanzas), by Dallas Lou Sharp:—

I listened and did hear
The coming of the storm;
At its deep and distant tread
O'er the earth's unburied dead;
O'er the cold earth's lifeless form,
Over all,
As o'er a bier—
Fell a pall;
Ere it passed
The surge
Of the blast,
The dirge
And the wail
Of the voices in the gale.

Also, "Prometheus Chained," by H. L. K.:—

Self-doomed to gyve and talon! Hour by hour
The crawling days drag out their tortuous train;
The sun smites on him, and the freezing rain;
And through each thrill of anguish he has power
To make the last, and step into a bower
Of ease profounder than his present pain,
He will not yield, though beak and claw that strain
To its last shred that faithful heart devour.

So fared he long ago who brought men light;
So fares the light-bringer of latter days;
And we, who owe his gift, our warmth and light,
Forget the heaven he leaves to bring its rays;
Forget the piercing crags, the vulture-spite,
And all the pain whereby that blessing stays.

The first article of "The Columbia Literary Monthly" for February, "The Literary Criticism of the Pentateuch," by William Henry Bawden, is clear and scholarly. The magazine for this month contains a pleasing mixture of poems, stories and didactic sketches. We should like to quote from a poem, called "The Outcast," by Herbert Müller Hopkins; but it will not bear disintegration, and we have not room for the whole.

The prose articles of "The Wesleyan Literary Monthly" for February are: a farce, "The Income Tax," by John A. Thompson; "Thomas Hardy's Power as

a Novelist," by William S. Woods; "A Sketch of Wesleyan Journalism," by Verona J. Smith; and "Mythology in Keats's Poetry," by Andrew Gillies. The "Story of the Brook" is an excellent poem by Charles O. Judkins. From it we clip the following lines:—

I spring into spray in my madness;
I ripple soft music in gladness.
I whirl into eddies entrancing,
And charm fairy nymphs into dancing.
I caress curbing strands in their whiteness,
And bear burdens floating in lightness.
I'm whirling, and diving, and twisting,
All forces to stop me resisting.
I'm laughing and shouting and crying,
Yet love, joy and sorrow denying.

Also we take from this magazine "Chappie's Lament," by B. F. G.:—

I walked one day with Phyllith
Ovah in Bothton town,
I in me long Pwince Albert,
She in a new Worth gown.

I talked that day with Phyllith
Ovah in Bothton town,
Of things intenth and thoulful;
Begged her me love to cwown.

I pawted that day from Phyllith
Ovah in Bothton town;
She'd be a bwothah to me, she said,
But wouldn't be Mitheth Bwown.

We like very much, "Where Saltsprays Blow," by J. R. Craighead, in "The Williams Literary Monthly" for February:—

Where saltsprays blow the marge along,
The breakers, growling deep and low,
All join the sea-gull's wildest song.
Gnashing the rocks that stand so strong,
And drive them raging back below.
Where saltsprays blow the cliffs among,
There shadows fall, and dark pines grow,
And sunlight almost seems a wrong
Where saltsprays blow.

Where saltsprays blow, there sunset glow
In touching sea and sky will long

To linger in a golden bow,
Making the rockbound breakers show
That death and beauty doth belong
Where saltsprays blow.

From "The Williams Weekly" for March 1, we clip

OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY.

The light is lit of poesy,
Of comedy and tragedy;
And monthly do our eyes attest
That genius burns, and burns her best
Within the Sanctum's sanctity.
No matter how this come to be —
We kneel as humble votary;
With laurels be our praise expressed.
The light is lit!

We're of that goodly company
Of blindest, for we will not see
The faults. Yet, were the truth confessed,
We'd gladly say: "Give us a rest!"
For, lighter than simplicity,
THE LIT. is light!

College Notes.

Miss Marion Canfield has been elected president of the Banjo Club.

Mr. Woods of Andover House spoke Wednesday, February 28, on the subject of College Settlement before members of the College Settlement Association and such other members of the college as cared to attend.

Monday evening, March 5. a piano recital by Ferruccio B. Busoni was given in the chapel. Selections from Beethoven, Chopin, Weber, Liszt and Schumann were rendered, as well as original compositions by Busoni.

Wednesday evening, February 21, Professor Whiting and the members of the second physics class were invited to attend the lecture on "Color," given by Professor Cross of the Institute of Technology.

Miss Perkins, '91, Miss Agnes Damon, '93, Miss Flagg, Miss Louise Edwards, '93, Miss Mary Young, Miss Martha Macauley, '92, Miss Frances Pinkham, '93, Miss Marian Wilcox, '93, Miss Mary Hazard, '93, Miss Virginia Dodge, '92, Miss Lylie Foster, '93, Miss Lilla Simonds, '93, Miss Gertrude Coolidge, '93,

Miss Cora Stewart, '91, and Miss Bettie Keith, '93, have been among the former students who have lately visited the college.

The Glee and Banjo clubs will give their concert on Monday evening, April 16.

Thursday evening, March 1, members of the Banjo Club played at the College Settlement, Boston.

Wellesley is proud of its sophomores. While the papers have been filled for the last three or four weeks with accounts of disasters at other colleges, due to a sophomoric overflow of spirit, the Wellesley sophomores have brought down upon their devoted heads the respect of present and future generations. It has been voted by the class of '96, and a written agreement has been signed by its members to the effect that they will obey all rules of the college which apply directly to the order of the students. A marked improvement has been noticed.

The delegates to the convention of student volunteers, which was held recently at Detroit, have returned. The delegates were Miss Mabel Learoyd, '94, president of the Wellesley Volunteer Association; Miss Cornelia Huntington, '95, from the Christian Association, and Miss Iza Skelton, '95.

The board of visitors have been recently going the rounds of the college.

An interesting talk was given by Mrs. Susan S. Fessenden, president of the Mass. W. C. T. U. on the evening of February 25.

A concert was given by the students of the school of music, Monday evening, March 5. It is considered one of the best of this sort which has ever been given here.

Miss Mary Isham has been elected by the class of '94 to take the place of first historian, which was left vacant by the resignation of Miss Tracy.

Miss Fitz of Boston recently visited the botany department.

Sunday evining, Feb. 25, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer addressed the seniors in the Norumbega parlors. Her general subject was an appeal to the students to have in their lives the three elements which make the Angelus so universally beloved, "work, love and worship."

Mr. Haskell of Harvard has been coaching the basket-ball teams. Miss Hill hopes to permanently engage his services. Mr. Haskell is the manager of the Cambridge team.

Feb. 22, Miss Denio took her classes to the Art Museum, to Trinity Church, and especially to visit Mr. Stetson of Boston, who gave them the benefit of his fine art studies.

Wednesday, March 7, the college was visited by President Walker of the Institute of Technology, President Hyde of Bowdoin and Professor Cummings of Harvard.

The new MAGAZINE board will make its first public appearance in the April number. The names of the editors are as follows: Editor-in-chief, Grace Caldwell; associate editor, Sarah C. Weed; business managers, Elizabeth Stark, Alethea Ledyard; literary editors, Caroline Jacobus, May Pitkin. Kate Nelson, Charlotte Goodrich; special editor, Louise Richardson; alumna editor, Maude Keller. The editors have already begun their work with a great deal of enthusiasm. An attempt has recently been made to put the MAGAZINE upon a settled pecuniary basis. It is hoped that the attempt will succeed.

Saturday evening, March 3, the juniors received the freshmen in the gymnasium. The scene presented there carried one back to the last century, for the juniors were all dressed as men of a hundred years ago with knickerbockers, ruffles, wigs and cocked hats. Miss Kelsey as George Washington and Miss Sweetzer as Lady Washington received the guests. Among the noted men present were Lafayette and Alexander Hamilton. The entertainment for the evening was the "Operetta of the Forest," written by Misses Wilder and Willis. Dancing and refreshments followed until silent time. The dress rehearsal given on the afternoon of the same day was attended by the seniors, sophomores and specials.

Society Notes.

Zeta Alpha held its regular programme meeting Feb. 24, the subject of the evening being Venice.

Programme.

I.	The Republic of Venice, a Historical Sketch,	Kate Winthrop Nelson
II.	Venetian Architecture	Grace Louise Addeman
III.	Music	Adelaide Virginia Schoonover
IV.	A Trio of Venetian Painters	Martha Hale Shackford
V.	Life in Mediæval Venice	Marion Canfield
VI.	Music. Song	Elizabeth Morris Wood
VII.	Sketches from Modern Venice . . .	Mary Josephine Salter

Martha Conant and Belle Sherwin, '90, Martha McCauley, '92, Mary Hazard, '93, and Grace Webber, '91-'93, were present at the meeting.

At the Zeta Alpha vesper service, Feb. 25, music was rendered by Misses Webber, Nelson, Hazard, Hasbrook, Brown, Wood, Wilcox and Schoonover.

The regular programme meeting of the Shakespeare Society, postponed from Feb. 24, was held in Shakespeare Hall, Friday evening, March 2. The following was the

Programme.

Othello.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . . Mary Mudgett
II. Talk. Othello and Desdemona . . . . M. Gertrude Wilson
III. Dramatic Representation

Othello, Act III., Scene 1.

IV. Iago, the Master of Circumstances . . . Helen Marion Kelsey
V. Dramatic Representation

Othello, Act III., Scene 4.

VI. The Philosophy of the Tragedy of Othello . Caroline Fitz Randolph
VII. Discussion of Impersonations of Iago and Othello

Leaders { Katharine Conner / Dorothy Allen

At the regular meeting of the Agora held Feb. 17 in Elocution Hall, Miss Mary Prior, '95, was initiated.

Programme.

Impromptu Speeches on:

The Bland Seniorage Bill . . . . Clarissa Benson, '94
The Conviction of McKane . . . . . Arline Smith, '95
Agitation against the House of Lords . . Martha Waterman, '95

Assigned Parts:

History of Civil Service Reform in the U. S. . . Annie Cobb, '96
The Federal Government should Have Supervision over Federal Elections . . . Affirmative, Annie Peaks, '96
Negative, Sarah Hadley, '96

Informal discussions followed the presentation of each question.

The Classical Society held a meeting Feb. 24. The following was the programme:—

Gothic Art.

1. General Character of Gothic Architecture . . . . Grace Albee
2. The Cathedral of Notre Dame . . . . . Annie Leonard
3. Westminster Abbey and the Cathedral at Canterbury . Mabel Rand
4. Gothic Sculpture and Ornamentation . . . Margaret Simmons
5. Gothic Architecture in Germany, with Examples . . Florence Davis
6. Gothic Palaces . . . . . Lillian Quinby

Alumnae Notes.

The Boston Wellesley College Club held a meeting at Hotel Thorndike, February 24. The members thoroughly enjoyed the interesting talk given them by Fräulein Wenkebach, the guest of the afternoon, upon "The System of Higher Education in Germany."

The Boston Wellesley College Club desires to accord its deep sense of the loss which it has sustained by the death of President Shafer. It comes as a private as well as a public loss, for the influence of her noble character extended far beyond the circle of her personal friends, so that many honored her, not alone for her great attainments but also for her beautiful life, the memory of which remains as a solace and an inspiration.

It is the will of the club that copies of this letter be sent to the family of the late president and to the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

JENNIE M. THURBER, '92
ALICE VANT GEORGE, '87
FRANCES W. HILL
} Committee

Miss Roberta Allen, once of '93, is studying violin with Franz Kniesel.

[redacted]

Miss Mary Young, '93, to Mr. Edward O. Bagg, have been announced.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer and Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson spoke to the Boston Branch of Collegiate Alumnæ on Fellowships for Women, Feb. 10, '94, at 2 P. M., in the Claflin Room, Boston University, 12 Somerset St.

The section of the Boston Branch interested in child-study met for a report and discussion of observations on Feb. 10, in the room used by the College Club, Beacon street.

Prof. Royce of Harvard spoke to the Boston Branch of Collegiate Alumnæ on Imitation, Saturday, March 3, in the Claflin Room, Boston University, 12 Somerset street.

The first meeting of the Wellesley people of Los Angeles, California, was held on Feb. 13 at the home of one of the girls. There were fifteen or more present. Letters were read from friends at college, Wellesley songs and the Wellesley cheer were given and college refreshments — fruit, crackers and olives — were served. But the best part was the meeting with so many loyal Wellesley people, in this far away place. L. LEBUS, '89.

Emma Blakeman, '75-'77, now Mrs. Alfred D. Early, is living in Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. George F. McKibben, better known as Lizzie Stilwell, '75-'77, is teaching in Granville Female College, Granville, Ohio.

Miss Maud G. Hoxsie, Sp., '77-'82, is attending Dr. Sargent's Normal Training School of physical culture in Cambridge.

Miss Cora Stickney, '80, is spending some months in New York for art study.

Dora Chamberlain, Sp., '81, now Mrs. Wade, is living in Dubuque, Iowa.

Mrs. Gertie Gibson Haskall, '81-'82, and Mrs. Edith Gibson Hodge, '81-'82, are living in Kalamazoo.

Mrs. Harriet Emerson Hinchliffe, '82, and her children have been spending the winter in Florida.

Miss Jessie Reid, '84, spent Sunday, Feb. 18, at Wellesley. Miss Reid is still in charge of the educational department of Macmillan & Co.'s New York publishing house.

The friends of Mrs. Mary Meddeck Nelles, '84, will be sorry to learn of the death of her husband, Dr. Alexander Nelles, late assistant superintendent of the Willard State Hospital, N. Y.

Miss Effie F. Dwyer, '86, is teaching in the High School in Waltham, Mass.

[redacted]

Fannie T. Brown, '88, is teaching in private schools in Charleston, S. C. Address, 88 Rutledge street.

Miss Lillian B. Miner, '88, is teaching English in Shepardson College, Granville, Ohio.

Miss Alice Brewster and Miss Katharine Lane, both of '89, spent Feb. 11 with their classmate, Mrs. Mary Bean Jones, in Norristown, Pa. At the same time Miss Mary Stinson, '89, entertained Miss Bessie Macky and Miss Maud Crane of the same class.

Miss Anna L. Dingley, '89, is working on the Lewiston Evening Journal. Miss Dingley's address is 291 Court street, Auburn, Me.

Miss Dorothy Dole, '89, is teaching in the Brooklyn Hill Institute, Winchendon.

The address of Mrs. Mary Edwards Twitchell, '89, is 214 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn.

Miss Caroline R. Fletcher, '89, is teaching in Abbot Academy, Andover, Mass.

Miss Eleanor Gamble, '89, is still teaching Greek and Latin in the Plattsburgh, N. Y., Normal School.

Miss Edith M. James, '89, is teaching music and playing a church organ at her home, Omaha, Neb. Miss James's address is 2413 Capitol Ave.

Miss Gertrude James, '89, is teaching in the Lincoln, Neb., High School.

Dr. Martha B. Morehead, '87-'89, is superintendent of the Northwestern Hospital, Minneapolis, Minn.

Miss Emily Brown, '90, is at home regaining strength after serious ill health during the summer.

Miss Helen Stillwell, at Wellesley from '88 to '90, is living at her home in Dayton, Ohio.

Miss Margaret Wrenn, '91, has returned from her visit to Philadelphia to her home, Highland Park, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Margaret Hazen, '91, has been visiting her sister in Boston and Miss Mary Bowles, formerly of '91, at Wellesley.

Miss Alice S. Clement, '91, is studying vocal music with Mr. Wm. Winch, Boston.

Miss Dora B. Emerson, '92, has been in Philadelphia since January.

Miss Katharine J. Lane, '89, is doing some work in music and German, in addition to her teaching, at Freehold, N. J.

Miss Lucia Leffingwell, '89, is at home, Montclair, N. J., after a trip South, taken for her health.

Miss Bessie Macky, '89, has recently suffered a great loss in the death of her father. She is still engaged at work in the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia.

Miss Clara B. Mowry, '89, is teaching at Riverside, Mass.

Miss Minnie Orr, '89 is still teaching in the Washington, D. C., high school.

Miss Clara F. Preston, '89, is teaching in the high school, Nashua, N. H.

Miss Florence Soule, '89, is teaching in Mankato, Minn. Address, 610 So. Second Street.

Miss Mary A. Tefft is teaching in Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va.

The address of Miss Mary A. Winston, '89, is 58 Pinckney street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Grace Andrews, '89, visited Miss Teller, '89, during the first week of January.

Miss Emily E. Briggs, '92, will spend the next six months in southern California. Her address is 693 Los Robles Ave., Pasadena.

The engagement of Miss Abigail Brooks, '92, has been announced.

Miss Winnie J. Libby is studying in the Normal School at Cleveland, O.

Miss Agnes Shaw, '92, has returned from her Western visit to her home in Woburn, Mass.

Miss Candace Stimson, '92, has been visiting Miss Florence Converse.

Miss Delight Sweetzer (student at Wellesley, '90-'91) has been visiting, in

January, Miss Mary Elizabeth Lewis, '91, at Coates College, Terre Haute, Ind.

Grace Linscott, formerly of the class of '96, is at her home in Boston.

The engagement of Miss Frances Stuart, '94, to Mr. DeMott of Bowdoin College has been announced.

DENISON HOUSE, BOSTON COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

Miss Mary Seavens, formerly of '97, is taking charge of a club of small boys on Thursday afternoons from four to five.

Miss Vida D. Scudder sailed for Naples on the Augusta Victoria, Saturday, Feb. 24.

Among the college students who have recently visited Denison House are Miss Scribner, Miss Hiller, Miss Percy and friends, Miss Mary Meller, Miss Margaret Dudley, Miss Newcomb, Miss Shultz and Miss Grace Edwards.

A contribution of $45 has recently come for relief work from Dana Hall. A contribution of $21 has come through Fraulein Habermeyer for the same purpose.

Miss Scudder spoke before the Social Science Club on Chartism in January. On Jan. 31 she gave a lecture on Ruskin at the Prospect Union, Cambridge. The Prospect Union is a club of workingmen, taught by Harvard University instructors and students. Miss Scudder spoke at the Nationalists' Club, Boston, Feb. 7.

Marriages.

GOODRICH—CARTER. At Montclair, N. J., Nov. 14. 1893, Jeannette M. Carter, '81–'83, and Rev. Charles Lyman Goodrich. At home, 214 W. Seventh Street, Plainfield, N. J.

Births.

February, 1894, a daughter, Katherine May, to Mrs. Grace Barker Basford, '86-'87.

Jan. 1, 1894, in Kansas City, a daughter, Dorothy Hathaway, to Mrs. Henriette Cone Marsh, '84.

Deaths.

Died, at her home, West Newton, Mass., on evening of Feb. 24, 1894, Mary L. Houghton, of the Class of Ninety-six.

Whereas, it has been the will of our Heavenly Father to take to Himself our friend and classmate, Mary L. Houghton, be it

Resolved, that we, the Class of Ninety-six, would hereby express our deep sorrow at the loss of her, the first of our number to be taken from us, and that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family in their bereavement; and

Resolved, that we express our appreciation of the privilege of having known a life so pure and beautiful.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and to the WELLESLEY

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